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DOT BOY FRITZ.

BY GUS WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

A RUCTION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

- "Git out, ye Dutchman!"
- "Git oud, you Irisher."
- "I'll put a roof on you."

near Washington Market, New York, between a smart young German boy, known around the market as "Dot Boy Fritz," and Paddy O'Dowd, a good-looking Irish lad of about the same age, and in less than half a minute they came together like two young roosters and a crowd of loungers gathered to see the mill.

Both boys were characters. Both were waifs, and both picked up a precarious living by doing odd jobs around the market, and both were excellent boxers.

"Go for his bugle, Paddy," said one of the bystanders, who was evidently a personal friend, and who felt that the honor of old Ireland was at stake.

"Pud his eye oud," shouted another, encouraging Fritz.

"Go in! go in! and may the best young 'un win," shouted still another.

Thus encouraged, Paddy led off, but was neatly stopped, and he as neatly got away from a mischievous left-hander which Fritz intended



Accompanied by the harpist, Fritz played a lively tune, and marched to its time from the stage.

"Nod quicker den I puds a din ear on you, I bade you."

"You will?"

"I will."

The above dialogue took place on a wharf

Paddy O'Dowd was a trifle the larger, but Fritz was the more lively and supple of the two. Each threw himself into a sparring attitude and began without loss of time to search for each other's weak points.

as a comforter for the young Irish lad's nose.

The friends of each applauded and encouraged them to "go in" and win. But before they had boxed many minutes it was evident that they were too evenly matched to admit of

the hope that it would be a short battle. First one and then the other led off with pious intentions toward each other's beauty, but each blow was warded off with a science that awakened the liveliest enthusiasm among the spectators.

Bets were freely offered and taken, and the excitement rose to a high pitch among the friends of the contestants.

"Warm his ear, Paddy!"

"Go for his nut, Fritz," and kindred expressions came from first one side and then the other.

The prospect of having a first class mill between two amateurs was just beginning to be realized, when a big policeman burst through the crowd that had formed a ring around them, and seized the two contestants, and held them apart at arm's length.

The disgust of everybody was very evident, but there was no help for it.

"What are you doing here, you young rascals?" said the officer, shaking first one and then the other.

"Nothing, only having a little fun," replied Paddy.

"Fun, ney?"

"Dot was all, Misder Cop, only having a liddle fun mid ourselves," put in Fritz.

Both the boys would have sooner fought it out than to have been separated, but the idea of making it out only a little fun when the officer came occurred to each at the same time.

The crowd took it up and repeated it.

"Of course it was all in fun," said they.

"Let them have it out."

"No I won't," said the officer, "an' divil a bit of fun I think there was in it."

"Oh, ondy chust a liddle spar, dot vos all," said Fritz.

"To be sure, we're the best friends in the world," said Paddy, holding out his hand to Fritz, who at once took and shook it heartily.

The crowd joined in the chorus, and the officer was convinced that it was only a little play between two game chickens after all.

"Well, see that yees don't have any more fun of the kind, or I'll take ye both in, so I will. Do yees moind that?"

"Oh, that's all hunky, boss," said Paddy.

"Yaw, dot is all righd," put in Fritz.

"Faith, it may be, but I'll kape my eye on yees, for I think ye are a pair of coons, so I do," said the guardian of the peace, motioning the crowd away and going back to his post in the market.

Thus warned, they concluded that it would be foolhardy to resume the match anywhere about there, and they walked away together down towards the further end of the wharf.

It has been said that nothing gives a boy greater respect for another than to find another who is his match at fighting, and both Paddy O'Dowd and Fritz instantly felt a friendship for each other, which they never would have felt but for their little skirmish. Each was a match for the other.

They walked away from the crowd, who, seeing no further likelihood of a continuation of the mill, gradually withdrew, some to their business, and others to hunt up new sensations.

"I'm satisfied, Fritz. Are you?" asked Paddy.

"Dot is me, too, Paddy," replied Fritz.

"Well, now, that's all right. Good enough. We understand each other now. I've seen you 'round the market here lots of times, and I always thought I should like you if I couldn't lick you. You do jobs, don't you?"

"Yaw, and dot is you, too, eh?"

"Of course. Where'd you learn to spar?"

"I learned off a sailor vile coming from Yarmany."

"Well, you're bully. I'm called the best sparrer in the First Ward, but you give me all I can do. Now, let us be good friends and we can boss the market. See?"

"Dot is all righd, Paddy, but I don't like me much dis fighding, ondy I chusd don't let any boy get away mid me if I can help id."

"That's all right, Fritz; I don't care about it myself, but I like to be boss of the light weights."

"Vot is dem lighd vairs?"

"Why, little duffers like you and I."

"Vel, dot is all righd."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Aboud dree year. How long have you?"

"Ever since I was born, seventeen years."

My father and mother were Irish, but they died and left me all alone about five years ago. Got a rich uncle somewhere in the country, but don't know where. I skirmish about for jobs in the daytime and go to night-school in the winter-time, and to the theatres in the summer. Have lots of fun, sure?"

"Dot is me doo, Paddy," replied Fritz.

"Bound to be an actor some day. Been on for supe at Tony Pastor's, Comique, and other theatres, and had lots of fun. Can play on a banjo, dance, and sing a song, and one of these days I'll be high pie 'round this town. That's me."

"High pie! Vat is dot?"

"Why, bully boy; gay cuss; star actor; plenty of soap; good harness; nobby John, by Joe?"

"No, I don't understand dot, bud I dthink it is good enough already."

"Now tell me all about yourself, Fritz, old boy, and then we'll understand how the land lies," said Paddy, taking a seat on the string-piece of the wharf.

"Vel," replied Fritz, sitting down beside him, "I came from Yarmany, und I have no farder und mudder, chust like you, Paddy."

"Is that so, Fritz? Give us your paw. Guess we were made to be friends."

"Good. Vel, I have plendy beoples here in dhis gundry dot is mine, but I dond know vere dey vos already. I gomed here to find dhem, und vorked my passage mid a ship, und here I vos been in Ni Yorick ever since."

"Well, all right. If you can only shake some of that bad English of yours, you will be a bully boy with a pebble eye."

"Vot is dot?" asked Fritz, who had not yet succeeded in mastering quite so much slang as he had legitimate English.

"Oh, that's all right. Show you all about it sometime. Ever been to school?"

"Yaw."

"Oh, Dutch! Dutch! Say yes," said Paddy.

Fritz, who was anxious to learn, attempted to pronounce the word properly, and succeeded very well.

"Good enough. Now go ahead."

"Yas; I go me to school in Yarmany."

"Oh, give us a rest. Say Germany."

Fritz attempted it, but could hardly get the hang of the pronunciation, and he got his back up a little when Paddy laughed at him.

"Oh, that's all right, Fritz, old boy; you'll learn well enough after a while. But, do you know, I'd give a good deal if I could talk Dutch as well as you do."

"Vy is dot?"

"Why, I'd be a Dutch comedian."

Fritz was thoughtful for a moment.

"Vel," he continued, "I go me to school in Yarmany all right, und I pick me puddy good English since I vork me around dot marked."

"That's so, Fritz. Can you sing?"

"Oh, puddy good."

"Play anything?"

"Yes, I blay me base ball and euchre."

"No, no. Play my instrument?"

"I bade you."

"What do you play?"

"I blay me the dryangle, jew's-harp."

"Oh, what a load?" and Paddy laughed heartily at his friend's accomplishments.

"Play anything else?"

"Yas. I blay on dot," he said, taking a sardine box from his pocket.

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, by the big jumping Jimmy, but that's the worst I ever knew! Play on a sardine box! Well, well, Fritz, I guess you'll give us a solo on an oyster shell next," and Paddy laughed until the tears came into his eyes at the thought of playing upon such an instrument.

"Now don'd you make some misdake mid yourself, chust waid liddle bid," said Fritz, placing one edge of the box to his lips.

Paddy watched with much curiosity.

Fritz blew a chord or two and produced splendid music. Then he began to play "Home, Sweet Home" in fine style, after which he changed it artistically to "Love Among The Roses."

"Howly Tom Thumb! what the devil is that, anyway?" asked Paddy, springing up and standing before Fritz.

"A sardine box."

"Yes, but what makes the music?"

"I show you some dings on der sly."

"All right, I won't give it away."

Fritz opened one side of the box and showed a large mouth harmonicon, arranged in such a way as to be entirely hidden, and yet capable of being played upon quite as well as if detached from the box. It was a very ingenious contrivance, and Paddy examined it with much interest.

"Where did you get it, Fritz?"

"Ad de store."

"No, not the box; you got the harmonicon at the store, of course, but"

"I make me de rest all righd myself."

"Well, that beats Paddy the Piper all to nothing. Fritz, you are a trump; play some more," said he, handing it back to him.

Fritz played "Donnybrook Fair," and Paddy was on his legs in an instant. The music was more than he could sit still and enjoy, and the way he danced made the dust fly out of the planks upon the wharf.

"Whoop!" shouted Paddy, as he threw himself into the breakdown with all his heart.

The laborers and loungers on the wharf quickly gathered around, and before the jig was up they had become highly interested and delighted.

But what kind of an instrument it was upon which Fritz was playing, puzzled all hands greatly, and on the whole the performance was not only creditable, but unique in all respects.

The result was an encore, or a demand for them to give the entertainment again, and they did.

The affair was a success in every way, and as Fritz finished he took off his cap and passed it around in the crowd, more in fun than anything else, but so highly was their little show appreciated, that they received over a dollar from their audience.

"How was dot for puddy high?" asked Fritz, turning to Paddy, who was wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Good enough, Fritz. Don't say a word; we'll do this again presently, and we'll make plenty of soap."

"All righd; ofe you can stand it, I can. Hold on liddle bid more," said he, taking a huge jew's-harp from his pocket; "vile you is gidding some vind, I vill chust dry me dis," saying which he placed the instrument to his lips and began to play.

His performance on this old-fashioned instrument was much more than ordinary. He played several tunes, and then gave imitations of the bagpipe and of a bumble-bee, which evoked hearty applause.

Paddy was just getting ready for another jig when he saw the policeman coming again to inquire into the meaning of the crowd.

"Cheese it, Fritz," said he, and away they went over the edge of the wharf into a canal boat which lay alongside, and they were soon under cover.

CHAPTER II.

SOME FUN, AND PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

"ARE you there, Fritz?"

"Yas, und by jinks, I dinks dot I shall hafe to stay me here."

"Why?"

"I am down here in der corn, und I make me no git up puddy fast."

"Can't git up? Wait a moment."

When Fritz and Paddy made a dive over the side of the wharf to escape the policeman, they jumped into the hold of a canal boat filled with corn—at least there was where Fritz landed, and he went into the loose grain nearly to his

eyes; while Paddy jumped into the potato bin, and did not experience so much trouble.

He managed to get out and on deck, and was on the point of pushing down a pole to assist Fritz, when an old negro, who was the keeper of the boat, made his sudden appearance.

"Wa, wa you doin' dar?" said he.

"Man overboard; that's all."

"Dat's all? Whar am dat yer man oberboard?" he asked, coming nearer.

"Don't you see?" said Paddy, pointing down the hole.

"Wa, wa you call oberboard? Dat yer am de hole ob de vessel."

"Hold, eh? Well, hold on until we get him out."

"How, how cum he down dar?" demanded the old darkey, with some severity.

"Oh, don't bother."

"How, how's dat? Ise got command ob dis yer boat, an, an Ise 'sponsible for eberything dat goes on. Now, tell me how dat yer young chap comed down dar in de hole ob dis yer property?"

"Now don't tear things, old man; it's all right," said Paddy.

"Dat yer may be so, but as de 'sponsible bossifer ob dis yer boat, I insist that you gib me an expectionation ob dis yer conduct," and the old man threw himself into a dramatic attitude.

Paddy laughed in spite of himself to see the airs which the old darkey put on.

"All right, old man, I'll explain—will humbly try to convince you that my friend jumped from the string-piece above use to escape a cop who loves us little and moves us along, made a misstep, and landed squarely into the shelled corn with which your ship is loaded. That's it, Mr. Darkey."

The old fellow opened his eyes until they were the size of Bermuda onions. Paddy watched him with a comical grin on his face.

"Ya, oh, yes, I comestand. Shall I bear a han' an' help yer get him out?"

"Good enough, pop; nothing like making a square explanation; yes, lend us a hand."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The pike-pole was shoved down into the hold and Fritz seized it with avidity, for he was nearly suffocated in the close air and the dust of the corn. Once hold of it, he lost no time in "shinning" up until Paddy and the old negro canaller could reach and draw him up on the deck.

"Dar yer war, chap."

"By jinks, dot vos doo much of one ding," said Fritz, puffing.

"Shake hands with the old man, Fritz."

"How you vos?" said Fritz, offering his hand. "Ise good, how's you?"

"Right smart for an ole man; gettin' right smart 'long in years now, boys; sixty-eight year ole las' March; seen good deal dis yer worl', boys."

"No doubt, pop, no doubt; always been a sailor on the raging canal?" asked Paddy.

"Lor' bress yer, no; war a slave in old Werginia 'bout forty year. But I allus loved 'citement, an so I took ter canallin," said the old fellow, with much pride.

"Love music?"

"Wha'?"

"Love music?"

"Wal, like some ob dem good ole ruvival tunes; used for ter like music on de barnjo when I war young, but it kinder gibs me cramps now."

"Don't like anything lively, eh?"

"Wal, I likes it well enough, only it sorter 'cites me, yer know; I's too ole, chile, for ter gib way ter it."

"All right, pop; I only asked you, for my friend Fritz here has got a new kind of an instrument, and as you have been so kind to us we'll show it to you."

"All right, boys; come out hea on de after-deck," said the old darkey, leading the way aft.

"Give the old man something solemn first, and then work into Essence of Old Virginia, Nicodemus Johnson, or something of that kind, and we'll have some fun out of old

"bony," whispered Paddy, as they followed him.

"All right, Paddy; by Jinks, bud he is a funny old cove."

"Take a seat, boys; I yarn't got nuffin for to do dis afternoon, and I war right smart glad you come, cos I war awful lonesome."

"They all three took seats on the after-rail, and Fritz brought out his sardine box and run a chord upon it.

"Golly-for-mighty, boys, what kind ob a shine am dat?" asked the old man, as he regarded Fritz's motion.

"Dot am an Æolian Honeybugle," replied Fritz.

"Yes, invented by old Honeybugle himself," put in Paddy.

"Dis yer am a great country, boys. Why, dat looks persactly like a sardine box," said the darkey.

"Yes, but it is such a rare and valuable instrument he is obliged to disguise it in that way so it will not get stolen."

"Lordy massy, yer don't go for ter tell me so, chile?"

"Fact."

"Jus lem me take dat yer Funnybugle."

"Waid dill I blay somedings," said Fritz, striking up the good old-fashioned tune, "Coronation."

"Oh, by golly!" exclaimed the old man, turning up the whites of his eyes. "Dot yer am de bes' tune I ebber heard, 'minds me so much ob dem good ole camp meetin' times, forty year ago."

The tune was played with much feeling, and the old man was fast giving way to it. His race is easily excited by music, and he began to sway his body and swing his arms about, shouting "Glory!" and forgetting everything else around him.

A tug might have hitched to the canal boat and towed it almost anywhere without his knowing it, so thoroughly was he enraptured with Fritz's music.

Suddenly, and while the old darkey was at the height of his ecstasy, he changed the tune, running through parts of several other tunes, until he finally settled upon that old plantation breakdown, dear to the heart of every darkey in the world, "Nicodemus Johnson."

"Hole on dar, child, hole on. Dat yer arn't dat good ole tune."

"Oh, but that's another good old tune, pop," said Paddy.

"Dat yer am so, chile."

"Too fast for the old man?"

"No, chile, dat's 'bout right, I'spect. But it hab got some of de ole stuff in it, though," said he, hitching round on his seat.

"Keep perfectly still, pop, and hear it out."

But this was asking too much of the old man.

He fell quickly under the "spell," and struggled to his feet.

"Hole on, chile. Dis yer arn't right. I's too ole a man for to be trifled wid; hole on."

"Take it easy, ole man."

"Oh! oh! oh! Hi, yi, ya! Oh!" exclaimed the ole fellow, and, unable longer to control his motions, he threw himself into the measure, and began a dance worthy of McAndrews.

It was high fun for my heroes, and it was as much as Fritz could do to keep his face straight enough to play, while Paddy applauded the old man and encouraged him on.

Of course a crowd soon gathered on the wharf, and the boys were in high glee.

The old man seemed not to tire, and every now and then he would yell with delight, as he warmed up to his business—

"Oh, maybe not! How's dat for de ole man?"

"Bully. Never saw anything better in my life," said Paddy, leading the applause, which those on the wharf took up and gave with a will.

"Oh, oh! chile, dat's too good. Hole on."

"Got enough, pop?"

"Drefful good, chile; but it war too much for de old man."

"All right. Hold on, Fritz."

Fritz stopped the music, and the old man

sank down upon a box completely exhausted, but was generously rewarded with another round of applause.

"Seen de time, chile, when I could keep dat up by the hour at a time. But I's gettin' old now. Fo' de Lor', chile, I habn't danced as much as dat in forty yeah. Whew!"

"It'll do you good, old man—stir up your old bones and put your blood in circulation."

"'Fraid it'll lay me up an' bring on my rheumatics again. Powerful good, though."

"You ought to go on the stage, pop."

"Wal, I war on the stage once."

"What! Is it possible I'm in the presence of an old 'faker'?" asked Paddy, springing up and seizing the old man by the hand.

"No, chile, my name's not Faker; my name's Ebenezer Flewey," replied he, earnestly.

"You don't understand me; they call actors fakers."

"Don't somehow get hold ob your tow-line, young fellow."

"Well, I'll heave it again. You say you were on the stage?"

"Shua. On de stage dat run 'tween Richmond an' Hanover Cote House."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed both the boys, for they instantly saw their mistake.

"Good enough, old man, you'll do. We see it. You are right. But good-by, we're off."

"Gone to leab de ole man?" he asked, somewhat mournfully.

"Yes. Got to tend to biz, you know."

"Wall, I shall feel right lonesome when you are gone, boys. Nebber seen such nice company as you are. De ole man feel forty yeah younger, for shua."

"Good! we'll gome some more und make a boy of you," sai Fritz.

"So we will, old man—so we will, be gob," said Paddy.

"Fo' de Lor', boys. I guess dat you would do it."

"Well. So long, and may the divil never run away with you, or your old tow-line break for fifty years yet."

"Come again, honey."

"Oh, sure. Good-by."

They both shook hands with the old man with honest good humor and clambered up upon the wharf.

"Good-by, Eben," said Fritz, and then taking his friend's arm, they started up the wharf towards the market.

"Fritz, old boy, I like you. We've got money in us," said Paddy O'Dowd, as they walked along.

"I know me nod how much you hafe got, bud I hafe bud liddle mysalf," replied Fritz.

"I mean we can make money. Where do you live?"

"I sleep in der marked."

"So do I when I can't find a better place. We'll go to the theatre to-night, up to Tony Pastor's, and then I will tell you something."

"All righd."

With this they parted to meet at a certain time and place in the evening, and each went about his business, which consisted in doing such jobs and errands as they could pick up around the market.

That evening they occupied seats in the gallery of Tony Pastor's Opera House, and Paddy called particular attention to the various parts of the variety show, asking Fritz every now and then if he thought he could do such and such things, and at the same time, assuring him that he could do others nearly as well as the recognized actors.

On their way down town after the show was over, Paddy approached a subject on which he had cogitated for a long time.

"Wouldn't you like to be one of those actors, Fritz?"

"By jimminy, I dink I vould."

"Well, you have got it in you."

"Vot is dot vot I have in?" he asked, with some alarm.

"Genius."

"No, sir, I haven'd eaden a square meal do-day."

"No, no; genius is something that a chap has as can do things. See?"

Fritz was silent.

"Why, when a fellow can get up a music-box like that of yours, he's a genius, and if you can play it on the stage same as you did to-day, you'd make a hit."

"Hid who?"

"Hit the public. Now let us get up a show and travel about the country."

"By jinks, I would like dot."

"You do the eccentric Dutch characters with your sardine-box and jew's-harp, and I'll do Irish characters and black up for banjo acts; I'll show you to-night how I can finger the cat-guts."

Fritz was silent and thoughtful, while Paddy went on enlarging and explaining how the thing could be done, until they reached their humble lodgings in the market.

The watchman knew them both, and of course did not molest them. Paddy got out his old banjo, tuned it up and played several pieces, greatly to the delight of Fritz, who had no idea what his friend could do.

Then Fritz sang a Dutch song, and Paddy suggested an improvement by introducing a clog dance between the verses, and when he tried it, both were astonished to see what he could do.

"Fritz, old boy, we'll make a fortune."

"Good enough."

"Let's make a programme."

"But where is de rest of de company?"

"Nonsense. I'll show you how it's done. We'll be the company. I used to know a chap by the name of Brown. 'Comical Brown' he used to call himself, who went all over the country alone, but his programme made the people think he had a large company."

"Und he did 'em Brown, hey?"

"You just bet he did. Made bushels of money with his old melodeon and fiddle. Now see here," said Paddy, getting a sheet of paper and pencil, I've been on this lay for five years."

"Lay on dot straw?"

"No, no. 'Lay' means 'string,' 'string' means 'idea.' I've wanted to do this for five years, and I've studied every show bill that I ever saw, and have got a large boxful there under the counter. The boss lets me keep my traps here. Now let us see how we will fix our programme," and taking up the pencil, he began to write:

A RICH ENTERTAINMENT!!

THE BEST SHOW EVER GIVEN IN THIS TOWN.

THE Great New York Combination Troupe of star actors, selected with care from the principal variety theatres in the country, have the honor to announce that they will give one entertainment at—Hall, on—Evening, when the following side-splitting programme will be presented:

BEGONE, DULL CARE!!

PROGRAMME OF THIS EVENING.

Banjo Solo....."Juliana Johnson"
by the renowned.....PADDY O'DOWD.
Little Deutcher Boy, by.....DOT BOY FRITZ.
the best Dutch character actor in the world.
Moonlight Serenade....by the prince
of fancy Mokes.....TOM BLUE.
Jew's-harp Wonders....by the Great
Comique.....BILLY THOMAS.
The Misfortunes of a Dutchman in
New York.....DOT BOY FRITZ.
Love Among the Roses...HARRY PATCHEN.
The introduction of nice instrument
never before seen in public, with
song, by.....TONY HAMILTON.
Banjo Solo "Camptown Races," SAM MCGUIRE.
"They Tell Me that I Cannot Dance,"
DOT BOY FRITZ.
The Raw Recruits.....BARNEY AND SHIPMAN.
"Kitty Mavourneen"....PADDY O'DOWD.
"Little Fraad".....O'DOWD AND DOT BOY FRITZ.

ADMISSION25 Cts.

"There, how's that for high?" asked Paddy, as he finished writing.

"By jinks, but dot is good; but who is dem odder chaps?"

"That's all right. We can work 'em all. When I am on, you are off making up for another character—see? Easy as swallowing pork."

"Yaw, bud who will dake the money?"

"That's easy enough. We'll do as Brown used to. Sell tickets and take money until it is time for the show, and then let the janitor take what comes afterwards. When we get going all right we can hire a man—see?"

Fritz saw it and was delighted. They separated that night in high spirits, and during the next two weeks they devoted nearly all of their time to rehearsing acts and perfecting themselves for the adventure they were about to engage in.

Fritz was even more apt than his friend, and as they visited a different theatre every night, he was sure to pick up something new, and either adopt it or render it into Dutch which was really mirth provoking.

At the end of two weeks they gave a private rehearsal to a company of marketmen and attachees of the market, with whom they were on excellent terms, and who nearly all looked upon them as remarkable boys, and the result was a rude but highly enjoyable entertainment which evoked hearty applause.

One of the butchers, who knew what their intentions were, made a little speech to the crowd, and suggested that a contribution be taken up to enable them to make a break for fame and greenbacks.

This was responded to with alacrity, and the result was a hatful of stamps and bills, which counted up to the royal figure of fifty dollars.

During the remainder of the evening Fritz and Paddy perfected their programme, and the next day it was taken to the printer's and three thousand of them ordered to be struck off.

On the day following both of them went up the river to Yonkers, hired a hall, posted their bills, announcing their show for the next evening but one, and then returned again to the city.

In the next chapter we shall see how they succeeded.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING READY FOR BUSINESS.

BOTH old and young showmen can easily understand the sensations which the new situation brought to my heroes, "Dot Boy Fritz" and Paddy O'Dowd.

Those who began with them at the opening of the story, will remember how they first came together, the subsequent fun they had, and their final resolution to start out into the world as showmen, and to turn their musical, comical, and mimical abilities into cash.

On their return from Yonkers, whither they had been to post their bills and make the necessary arrangements for giving an entertainment there, they busied themselves with perfecting their wardrobes, each one having quite a number of changes. Then they rehearsed their characters and acts, and never worked two beavers harder than did those two boys.

But when they came to work up their final rehearsals they were bothered about the music. Until now it never had occurred to any of them that the other could not furnish music while the other was dressing for his next act, and the discovery rather dampened their ardor for a while.

"Fat the devil will we do, onyway?" mused Paddy, as they were contemplating the situation.

"Dot is vare der cry comes in," said Fritz, dolefully.

"Oh, cry be hanged. But something must be done pretty quick, for to-morrow night we must show."

They were in a little store-room in the

market with all their "traps," and were calculating to go up to Yonkers the next afternoon and have a final rehearsal in the hall. But here they had suddenly run upon a snag.

"How much money have we left?" asked Fritz, at length.

"Ten dollars. Why?"

"Let us hire a hand-organ grinder."

"No, they can't play our music."

Again they lapsed into silence. Finally they went out to take a walk, each in his deep thought, and each trying to contrive how they should manage to get an orchestra, for without something of the sort they could not give much more than half of their programme.

At length Fritz stopped and caught Paddy by the arm.

"What is it; got an idea?"

"Yaw, und some moosic."

"Where?"

"Don't you hear dot harp?"

"Yes, why?"

"Dot is chust vot we wand, Paddy."

"That's so, if we could only get one, and a player who knew our tunes. Let's find it."

They went along a few yards farther and turned up an alley, where they found an old man and boy playing upon a fiddle and harp. They listened quite a while, and found that the man was a good harpist, although the boy did little more than to saw away in doubtful tune, and pick up the doubtful pennies.

"Can you play Little Fraud?" asked Paddy.

"How does it go?" asked the old man, in broken English.

Paddy whistled it, and he played it through with tolerable accuracy.

"Can you play anything you hear?"

"Yes. I am blind and cannot read music as I once could, and so I have to depend entirely upon my hearing," replied the old harpist.

"Bully for your ears," said Fritz.

"Here is a quarter for you," said Paddy, at which the cashier of the itinerant band stepped up to cover it with his dirty hand.

"Thanks. Give it to the boy," said the old man.

"Is he your boy?"

"No. I hire him of a Padrone to go along with me, for I must have some one to lead me."

"That's so. How much have you made to-day?"

"With what you have just given me, I have made fifty-seven cents."

"Moosic is cheap as dird in Ni York," said Fritz.

"You are right. But I am obliged to do it or starve."

"Would you like to do better?" asked Paddy.

"Would I like to see? Yes. Why?"

"Will you go to Yonkers with us to-morrow night, if we will pay your expenses and give you three dollars?"

"What for?"

"To play for an entertainment."

"I would like to earn three dollars very much."

"All right. If you will go, we will pay you that and send you back again, express charge paid. What do you say?"

"But what am I to play?"

"We will help you learn the tunes to-morrow."

"And the boy?"

"We don't want him. Give him a rest."

"Und a vash," suggested Fritz.

"Where do you live?"

"Almost anywhere. We are poor, like yourself; but we have got it in us to give a variety show, and all we want is some music. Will you go?"

"I think so. I wish I could hear the tunes to-night."

"Well, so you shall. Come along down to the market and get some grub, and then we will take you into our little room and put you through."

The old man hesitated.

"He cand see it," said Fritz, aside to Paddy.

"That's so; but perhaps he is thinking whether it would be best to surprise his belly

with a good square meal before he decides."

"I'll go, young men, for I like you," said the old musician, after a moment's silence.

"Good enough. Come along."

"And the boy?"

"Bring him along."

"Come this, you shall share my supper."

The boy took the old man's hand and led him along after Fritz and Paddy.

Going to a cheap eating-house near the market, they gave them both a better supper than they had, in all probability, enjoyed for many a day, and then took them to their little rehearsal room.

When the old blind harpist said he liked our heroes, he spoke as a blind person always speaks, from the heart. He could not see them with his eyes, but he felt them, and knew that they would do as they agreed. He liked their jollity, for they now began to feel more like themselves, and he admired their pluck. When young he would have done the same thing as they were now about doing had the opportunity been offered.

Paddy went over the programme with him, gave him the tunes, the "cues," and after spending two hours, the old man made himself familiar with each of the tunes, and seemed to enter heartily into the arrangement.

It was agreed that the boy should accompany him, and that they should all be at the depot in time for the three o'clock train the next day.

With this understanding they separated, and two more joyous fellows could not have been found in New York than were Dot Boy Fritz and Paddy O'Dowd.

Everything betokened success, and to encourage them about a dozen of the market men had agreed to go up and see the show the next night.

They went to their humble bunks that night with light hearts, and dreamed they were sleeping on mattresses stuffed with currency and greenbacks—at least, that is what Paddy dreamed.

"Und I," said Fritz, relating his dream the next morning, "dreamed dot I vos a hand-organ, und dot I vas dired, because I had been played on all day. Und dot man as durned my crank all day he come dired doo und lay him down for some snooze, und along came von boy dot have some devil in him, and durn dot crank backwards all night."

"Do you feel cranky this morning?" asked Paddy.

"I bade you."

"Then it must have been a turning-point in your life, Fritz."

"Oh, vad jokes you make mid dot English language."

"No, I think you make the jokes with it, Fritz."

"Nix; I joke in German and myself."

"All right. Now let us get our hash and coffee, and then fix up some boxes for our 'traps,' for we have got lots to do yet."

"Paddy, I laugh me like ter dyfle 'boud dot."

"Bout what?"

"'Boud dot show. Suppose dere was nobody dere to see it?"

"We'll call in the boys and give the show anyhow. But I guess there's better luck than that for us."

That was indeed a busy and exciting day for the young fakers. They were, in fact, just entering a tiresome and trying profession; a whirlpool in which few keep afloat and many go under.

At the appointed time they were at the depot, and found the old man and his boy waiting for them.

"I have been practising an old and beautiful waltz all day, I have not played or hardly thought of it before in fifteen years, and I thought it would be well to have something for an overture," said the harpist.

"A good idea," said Fritz.

"Yes, and it would be well if you had several, in case of a stage wait," added Paddy.

"I guess you are green at the business," suggested the old man.

Fritz and Paddy exchanged glances.

In due time they arrived at Yonkers, and went directly to the hall which they had engaged, and busied themselves until dark fitting up the stage and in final rehearsals.

At length it was time to open the doors, and with trembling hands Paddy received the first quarter for an admittance fee.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

PADDY sold tickets and Fritz took them at the door. The sensation was new to both of them. The old blind harpist awaited behind the little screen which constituted the proscenium and recorded every ticket sold, as he was able to do from his keen sense of hearing.

There was not a rush for admittance, but one by one or in couples they came, and yet there appeared to be a look of suspicion on every face, and every man who put down his quarter for a ticket did it as one would put down money for a lottery or upon any game of chance.

The advent of a show in a little town like Yonkers is always sure to start an inquiry as to who compose it, and what they can do, and in a place so near New York every professional of any note is generally pretty well known.

And this is what produced the doubt. Not a single individual mentioned on the programme was known to the amusement lovers of Yonkers, and a half defined suspicion of fraud seemed to pervade the town, and to act upon the inhabitants to such an extent that they came slowly and sparsely to the ticket office.

Many curious questions were asked and answered, and quite an olio of fun was had while those who were to compose the audience were gathering.

"Say, who in thunder is 'Dot Boy Fritz' you've got on yer bill?" asked one, as he put down his quarter.

"What! Don't know who he is?" Paddy would exclaim. "Why, he's the best Dutch comedian in the world. He's a genius in wooden shoes, bet on it."

"Who is this Paddy O'Dowd?" asked another cautious one.

"The greatest comique the world has ever known," he would reply, and the anxious one would make a dive for the best seat he could find and carefully study over the programme for the evening.

Nearly every one who came to the ticket office had some question to ask relative to the different members of this world-renowned troupe, but either Paddy or Fritz would answer them in such a way as to disarm suspicion and to arouse anticipation.

When it was nearly time to commence, our heroes were agreeably surprised by the appearance of about a dozen Washington Market friends, including Ebenezer Flewey, their old canal-boat friend. One of the butchers insisted on buying tickets for the entire party, and this placed four or five dollars in the treasury, and created an outside interest which drew in several dollars more.

"Ho! by jinks," exclaimed Fritz, as he saw the old darkey, "dos is bedder as fifty dollar. Give me your hand, old rocks. Ve wants you in der show."

"Wha—wha is dat, honey?" asked the old man, while a grin spread over his mug from ear to ear.

"We want you to dance dot Nicodemus Johnson; will you do it?"

"Do most anything for you, chile. Nebber get ober dat sardine box—ya! ya! ya!"

"Don'd you like the banjo bedder?"

"Oh, sure, de banjo am my weakness."

"All righd. Paddy will give id do you. Good enough. Ven der show is almost over you gone behind der scenes, eh?"

"Good enough, chile, I'll be dar."

The others assured Fritz that the old man should be on hand to assist them, and so they passed into the hall to secure seats.

One by one and two by two, they came until the hall was about half full and the clock pointed to eight, the time for commencing.

Then the old blind harpist came out from behind the screen and took his place beside his harp.

A hush came over the throng; for when they saw the old man led out by his boy, and comprehended the fact of his being blind, it lent a certain feeling of sympathy and respect which a whole orchestra of men who could see would have failed to produce.

The old man swept the strings of his harp in harmonious sympathy, and a still deeper hush came over the crowd, while Fritz and Paddy left their stations to the janitor and proceeded behind the screen to dress.

A few sneered and whispered that the orchestra was only a blind, itinerant harpist, and represented the one-horse concern very well; and before he had fully tuned his instrument, there was a boisterous indication on one side of the hall, where the "boys" were congregated, to get up a chorus of protesting hisses.

But the first few chords of the grand old waltz which he was playing fell like oil upon troubled waters, and in a few minutes a hush that would have complimented the greatest artist in the land dwelt within that hall.

Finally the undulations of the music waved and swelled in magnificent sweetness, and, as he finished, a burst of applause greeted the old man which made the hall ring, and caused many doubtful outsiders to instantly conclude that the show was not a fraud, and the result was a few more dollars in the treasury.

Then the programme of the evening began to be unwound, and the first appearance by Paddy O'Dowd was before the audience for criticism.

I am sorry to have to say that he was not a success.

Not that he was not talented and had not the power to entertain; but he was green, and until he found himself before an audience he never himself doubted his ability.

But how many talented men and women have failed at such times?

His market friends applauded him, but this only added to his discomfiture, and, but for their bold exertions, he would have been hissed roundly as he finished and retired.

The poor fellow nearly fainted as he retired, and the harpist struck up an interlude.

"Bad luck ter my weak-kneed gizzard," he muttered. "Fritz, hit me in the gob. Give me a black eye for being a fool," said he, as he came up to where his friend stood waiting to go on for his ordeal.

"Paddy, p'rhaps I'll wand you do give me a black eye ven I comes off. Hold on leedle bid," said he, as he caught the cord which was his cue for going on.

Fritz had the advantage over Paddy from his first appearance.

He looked so much like a Dutchman, and the part he was to play admitted of a certain degree of bashfulness, so he received a hearty round of applause the moment he came upon the stage.

As the applause subsided he sang:

"Oh, I'm a jolly Dutchman,
Von of a jolly crew,
Und if you'll only hear me oud,
I'll show you vot I'll do.
I'll show you dot a jew's-harp
Can find you plenty fun,
Und dot a leedle ding-like dot
Is really number one."

At the conclusion of the verse, he gave several unique imitations on his jew's-harp, which convinced the audience that he was at least master of that little instrument.

"Maybe dere was some Scotchmens here
Dot love dot good old dune
Dot is upon the bagpipes played,
Dey call id 'Bonny Doone.'
Maybe you dond believe der harp,
Dot's played under der nose,
Can imitate the Highland bags
On which der Scotchman blows."

Here he gave a wonderful imitation of a Scotch bagpipe, playing "Bonny Doon," "Auld Lang Syne," the "Highland Fling," etc., which occasioned another thunder of "p-

plause, and made Paddy O'Dowd grit his teeth as he was blacking up for his next act, and swear that he would succeed this time or perish.

With another verse and a little speech to the audience, Fritz retired, but was immediately called out again, and made to do it over once more.

By this time Paddy was ready for a negro act, and as he strode upon the stage with his banjo in one hand and a chair in the other, scarcely one of the audience suspected that he was the same youth who had failed only a few minutes before.

Paddy was a very good banjo player, and this time he did much better than at first, and the people in front cheered him with considerable earnestness.

An encore cheered him still further, and when he retired finally from the act, he was in a much better state of mind, and Fritz was dressed for another act.

This time it was a song and dance piece, "They Tell Me That I Cannot Dance."

He came out in a suit which he had worn from Germany, including wooden shoes, long coat with brass buttons, snuff-colored pants and vest, and a cap with visor long enough to protect his nose from the sun or stray bricks which might fall while he was passing along the street.

The dress alone was a hit, and he was much applauded.

The old harpist remembered his business well, and was exactly on time with his music, into which Fritz fell with all the grace of an old faker.

This was the song he sang:

"I'm ladelly come from Yarmany,
My clodes are not in sdyle,
Und when I walk along de sdreeds,
Der boys und girls dey smile."

SPOKEN.—"Yaw, dey say, 'Look ad der Loundsman. Dery der dwig dem shoes? Shood dot coad. Vot you dake vor dot cap?' und all such dings as dot. By'm by a puddy girl comes along und she smile ad me und say:

"Ha! ha! twig dot coad, Jennie,
Do you mind dem feet, Jennie,
How'd he be for a beau, Jennie,
I'm sure he cannot dance."

Here he fell into a clog dance that set the crowd wild with delight.

He was called out a second time, and things were moving along splendidly.

So first one and then the other went on, and the people began to think the show was not a humbug after all, although as yet they were not entirely satisfied about the number of that "Great Combination," and when Paddy O'Dowd appeared under another name to sing a sentimental song, he was hissed from several parts of the house.

But his back was up, and he resolved to go through it if he took a leg off.

His performance was received coldly, and he retired crestfallen and bitter. Fritz was bearing off all the honors of the evening, and seemed as much at home on the stage as off.

At the conclusion of this song it was understood that the harpist was to entertain the audience while the two of them changed for a double act, and again he swept the strings of his harp with a master's hand and held his hearers spell-bound.

At the conclusion he was applauded, and without a moment's loss of time he changed into "Little Fraud," which brought out Fritz in a slight variation of his comical Dutch rig and Paddy dressed as a coquettish Dutch girl. The "make up" was excellent, and would have reflected credit upon an old professional. In fact, it was an exact copy of the one worn by Tony Hart in the same act.

This was a success, and those who up to this time had doubted about the extent of the company, now concluded that they were at least one more than they had seen before, and scarcely one of them believed for a moment that Paddy was not a veritable girl. An encore rewarded them, and Fritz hastily changed the moment they retired, returning with a sardine box which he used in connection with a song.

"I'm as jolly a man as can be,
A man dot is dead broke,
I makes de bead of everyding,
Und smile me for a cloak.
I'm very fond of music,
Bud cash I have nod god,
Und so, to while away de hours,
I play me tunes on dot."

Here he displayed his sardine box, which raised a hearty laugh all over the house.

SPOKEN.—"Yaw, ladies und shendlemens, poverdy is ids own reward—every dime you geds rich. My fadder used der dell me dot I vos a genius, und so did my schoolmasder, und he always made id a rule do flog every genius dod vos in his school. I used der vish dot I vos only a common mordal like de resd ob der boys. By jink how id used to hurd. Val, I say me, Fritz, if you be a genius you can make somedhings yourself. So I hund me around by a saloon und I find me dos sardine box, und I commence do coax moosic oud of id, like dot."

Here he gave a blast upon the box which made a laugh but not much of a tune.

"Der first dime I gome before der public in my professional capacity id vos before a saloon; I vos hungry, und I dought dot genius must be ids own reward; I began do blay like dot (another discordant blast), und de man as keeps dot saloon he came righd oud und say do me: 'Go righd in und ead all you vand, only don't blay any more.' You see he had no ear for moosic. He dought because I didn't have a big drunk mid a crank on id dot I vos no musician. Now I chust show you vere he made von liddle misdake."

Here he played a tune with much sweetness and effect, and the audience fairly yelled in their delight, while Paddy clenched his teeth and went on dressing for his next act.

"Dot shows vad a liddle ding id dakes ter make a man misdaken puddy quick."

"I saw a preddy girl von day
Dripping along der sdreed,
I daught dot my vesd vould busd
Ven vird our eyes did meed;
I yellowed her undo her home,
Und vaided vor der shade
Of evening vor du gadder round
Dot I mide zeranade."

SPOKEN.—"Yaw, I schusd done my yellow damdesd dot dime, vor I vanded der make a zenzation—I did. Her modder opened a window und spiled me all ofer mid schlobs, und her fadder sed a pig dog on me righd away, und I adjourned widoud galling der roll—I dought id vas besd, seeing dot I had only von suid of close, so I skibbed. Bud vor all dot, dere is moosic in der old ding yed."

Here he played "Rory O'More," and retired amid applause. On being recalled he played other pieces, and proved himself a trump.

During this time, and all through the performance, their Washington Market friends, with old Ebenezer Flewey, the canal boat darkey, led the applause, and did much to save them—for it must be remembered that the majority of the audience were old theatergoers, and they were not long in detecting that the "combination" was a fraud, and had it not been for their friends they would not have fared so well.

But Paddy O'Dowd was not satisfied with the laurels he had won. Thus far he had made a comparative failure when not on with Fritz; and he resolved that his last effort should be a success.

He had the closing of the performance, and it was what he considered himself best in—a banjo act, in negro character. He went on as before with his chair and instrument. But the audience recognized him at once, for as yet he had not learned the art of change and make up sufficiently to disguise himself.

The result was a cool reception; but Paddy was equal to the emergency, since his first stage fright had been conquered. After playing and singing his song with only applause from his personal friends, he got up and came forward to the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I see before me the great McAndrews. (At which there was a general getting up and stretching of necks). "I am very glad to see him here

dressed in character, and with your kind permission I trust he will come upon the stage and give you one of his inimitable dances to round off the evening's entertainment."

At this there was a wild hurrah and a loud call for McAndrews, of whom they had all heard, and whom many of them had seen.

At first the old darkey, Ebenezer Flewey, did not comprehend what it all meant. He had been so engrossed with the entertainment that he had forgotten the promise he made to Fritz on entering the hall; but several of the butchers who were seated near him understood the joke, and one of them led him behind the curtain.

Paddy seated himself and struck up "Nicomemus Johnson," while Fritz and the butcher were trying to persuade the old man to go on and dance.

"Fo' de Lor', boys, I can't. Neber done such a thing in my life," he protested.

"Never mind, go on," said the butcher.

"Hark! hear dot," said Fritz, and taking the old man by the arm he led him on and introduced him to the clamorous audience.

The old man was dazed for a moment, but the music and the applause soon restored him, and he began to dance.

To make a long story short, it was a success, and old Eben's appearance was so like the "make up" of McAndrews, and his dancing so natural, and consequently like him, also, that no one doubted for a moment that they were gazing upon and applauding the great original.

He was called out three times, the last time, however, he was so much out of wind that he could only bow in company with Paddy, who took the old man's arm and went with him from the stage, while the house resounded with plaudits.

This brought the performance to a close, and the crowd began to retire.

A large number, however, lingered at the door, for the purpose of satisfying themselves about that "great combination," and others to get a look at the renowned McAndrews.

Paddy and Fritz, in company with their friends from Washington Market, followed in a few minutes for the purpose of going to a saloon near by where lager beer was sold, that they might quench their thirst and drink to their success.

That portion of the crowd that lingered watched every one of the party with eager scrutiny, and when convinced that Fritz and Paddy were really the only performers, they howled, hissed, and derided them in the most insulting manner.

They followed them to the saloon, and there or the first time became convinced that Flewey was in reality a negro, and not McAndrews, as he had been announced, and further derisive remarks were indulged in, while our friends indulged in lager in congratulations.

Paddy saw that there was trouble brewing, and he attempted to head it off by asking the crowd to drink, but they refused and continued the cry of "frauds."

The majority of their friends looked upon this display as only the sauciness of some disappointed boys, and so bade them good-night and started for the depot, to take the last train down to the city.

Fritz and Paddy could not go, as their traps were still at the hall, and so they accompanied the party to the depot, and saw them on board the train.

The crowd did not follow them, for by some means or other they became aware of the fact that Fritz and Paddy were to remain in town over night, and so they lay in wait for them as they returned to their hotel.

When only a short distance from the depot, just in an open and badly lighted space, this crowd rushed out upon them with yells and stones, filling the air with both, and making it decidedly uncomfortable for my heroes.

But they were made of good stuff, and would have stood boldly against a dozen each had there been a fair field and no favor.

As it was they had only one resource, and that was to run, and they did. But the crowd followed, throwing stones and missiles all the

while, until at length the foremost of them fell upon Paddy and bore him to the ground.

Fritz saw his friend's peril and turned to his assistance. Only half a dozen of the cowards had the spirit to come up, and these my heroes were able to combat with. But the others crept up after making sure that the enemy was well engaged, and in a few minutes the two boys had quite as much as they could attend to.

At this moment the report of a pistol was heard, and those who could get away were not slow in doing so. But one of them had managed to get on top of Fritz, and was about to spoil his beauty and usefulness with a cobblestone, when a beautiful young girl seized his arm, wrenched the stone from his hand, and then, seizing him by the hair of the head, drew him over backwards and allowed Fritz to regain his feet.

Paddy had in the meantime polished off the two rascals who had clung to him after the pistol shot had been fired, and then turning to the wretch who had been prevented from breaking up the partnership between him and Fritz, he gave him something that he undoubtedly remembers to this day; if he don't, this history of the affair will probably refresh his memory.

After their foes had fled, they turned to see who it was that had changed the tide of battle in their favor when the odds were so strongly against them.

"Are you hurt?" asked the girl.

"Not much, I guess," replied Paddy.

"Dot is nod vot can say, I guess, by jinks," said Fritz, rubbing his head. "I shall have der dake account of stock in pones before I can say vedder I vos hurd or not."

"But we are ever so much obliged to you; you are a brave girl."

"Yaw, bully."

"Did you fire that pistol?"

"No, it was an old shot gun. I live up here a little ways; I know that crowd of cowards, and I knew they would fly at the report, whether any of them were hurt or not."

"You are a noble girl."

"Yaw, bully," chimed Fritz, still rubbing his head.

"I was at your show to-night," said she.

"Indeed."

"Yes, and I liked it. But come, you must not remain here or they will attack you again. Come to my mother's house, down here on the railroad, and they will not molest you, I guess."

"Thanks."

"Bully."

She led the way down a dark, narrow path in the direction of a humble cottage that stood by the shores of the river.

CHAPTER V.

INTRODUCES MY HEROINE.

We left Fritz and Paddy O'Dowd following to the humble abode of the young girl who had so bravely assisted them in vanquishing their enemies.

After walking a few rods, she stopped and picked up an old shot-gun, the one which she had fired at random a few minutes before, and which had frightened away the cowardly mob that had so savagely attacked them.

Then she continued to lead the way, while Fritz and Paddy followed and conversed on the subject of the encounter.

"I vonder me vare is dot old harpist?"

"Wish I knew," replied Paddy, halting in his walk.

"They would nod strike a blind old man?"

"It is hard to tell. Cowards will do almost anything when they have the advantage. I feel uneasy about him."

"Led's go back."

By this time they had come up to the girl, who was standing in front of an humble cottage, a building which, but for its creeping vines and pretty flowers, would have been denominated a shanty.

"Here we are," said she.

"Indeed, you are very kind. But we feel as though we ought to go in search of our old blind harpist," said Paddy, looking back.

"Where did you leave him?" she asked, with some animation.

"At a saloon near the hall. You see we expected to go back and meet him."

"Dot vas so. Ve vent us do der depot mid some bully boys dot come up from de city mid us."

"Ah, but it will be dangerous for either of you to return just now, at all events. And yet it cannot be that they will abuse that poor old man."

"I should think not, but"—

"What was it all about anyway?" she asked, "but I guess we will return and see what has become of him."

"Bully. Led's go," put in Fritz, impatiently.

"No, I'll tell you how to work it. Let me go."

"You?" they both asked.

"Yes. They will not molest me."

"But it is late, and"—

"Never mind. I'm not afraid."

"We will go with you."

"Yaw. You is a bully girl. Ve vill go doo."

"Well, come around this way and we can reach another street, leading up to Broadway, and so we can gain the saloon without being seen," said she, standing the gun up against the fence, and leading the way indicated.

"By jinks, vot a gal dot is!" whispered Fritz as they walked along.

"A regular little tramp. Wish I could see her face," said Paddy.

"I have me a glimpse ad id, und id is bully. She is puddy as a new fiddle."

At that moment she turned to wait for them to overtake her, and the conversation was dropped.

"Here we are in Broadway."

"Broadway! I should call dis a highway. Ad all evends id is a high vay up," said Fritz, puffing, for the road spoken of was more than a hundred feet above the level where they had started from.

"You are right," she replied, with a little laugh.

"Ah!" said Paddy, catching Fritz's arm as she passed under a street lamp, "you are right, my boy, she is handsome. I wonder who she is?"

"I give id up," mused Fritz.

They followed along some distance, when she stopped, and requesting them to remain in the shadow of some trees, offered to go alone and make inquiries relative to the old man and his boy. She would not listen to the proposition of either of the boys to accompany her, but making them promise to remain until she returned, she started towards the saloon.

"She is a regular little brick," said Paddy.

"She is more as dot. She is a whole house," said Fritz, indicating that he knew but little of the meaning of the term "brick."

Paddy laughed.

"Und I say, Paddy, she would make a bully actress."

"I guess she would."

"She oughd do join der Great Ni Yorick Gombination Droupe," said Fritz, laughing heartily.

Paddy could not help joining him, for their first bout with the public had turned out a regular adventure, the end of which they had not seen yet.

"Poor old 'Combination!' I am afraid it will go to pieces after this," mused he.

"Go do der tyfle."

"Well, yes, I guess so. Pretty bad luck."

"No, bully. Chust vod I like."

"And you go in for keeping it agoing?"

"You bade I do. Plendo money, Paddy, und lods of fun, hey?"

"I like your spunk, but things look a little squally for the proper development of our abilities. If we get a reception like this in every town, we shall become first class prize fighters."

"Val, dot is puddy good, lond id?"

"A little of it will do very well, but"—

"Ve gives a bedder show nexd dime, und bedder der nexd. Oh, dot is all righd, Paddy."

Paddy was not quite so sanguine as Fritz was, for it will be remembered that he had failed to make so much a "hit" with the audience, the majority of which had gone away satisfied, while only a few disorderly malcontents had followed them with assault and denunciations.

Consequently, he was not in such good favor with himself, and began to look upon the undertaking with some doubts regarding its success.

The idea of traveling through the country as "The Great New York Combination," giving a programme containing a large number of different artist's names, when in reality there were only two of them to do the whole thing, was indeed a bold undertaking, and it smacked pretty strongly of fraud.

But Fritz argued that if the people of a town would not support a large company, and after all, not as good a show as such a company would give, it was no fraud, and none of their business.

He was wide awake for continuing the project, and contended that they could yet make it a success.

While they were still conversing upon the matter, the girl returned and reported that the old harpist had fallen in with a countryman of his, and had gone to spend the night with him, leaving word that he would meet the boys at the depot the next morning.

"Did you see any of those roughs?"

"Yes, I saw about a dozen of them in the saloon, and they were still threatening what they would do. So you see it would be dangerous for you to return."

"Bully for that guntryman of the old man's," said Fritz.

"Now come along with me. There is a spare room, which you can have as well as not."

"But what will your folks say?" asked Paddy, slowly walking along by her side.

"I have got no folks, only a sister somewhere in California," she replied.

"But you live in the cottage down there?"

"Yes, with an old negro woman, who used to work for my parents in California, and when they died, she came on here, where she had friends, taking me along with her, as I had nobody there to take me. My sister was taken by a family to bring up, and good old Aunty Monks took me. That's how I am," she added briskly.

"How long have you lived here?"

"About six years."

"And how old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"Oh, you vos only a kid ven you come?"

"Only a kid, as you say," she replied, laughing.

"Dot accounts for your coming to a place like dis."

"And what is your name, Miss?"

"Alice Harrison."

"Indeed, that is a pretty name," said Paddy.

"Bully," chimed Fritz. "Bully for der name und bully for der girl."

"But what of Aunty Monks?"

"Oh, she was sound asleep when I came home from the show, and nothing short of an earthquake will waken her. But she is real good, and I always help her when I am not at school."

"And so you had just returned from the show, eh?"

"Yes. Aunty was tired, and I told her I was going out for a walk and so she went to bed—ha! ha! ha!" she laughed heartily.

"Good enough," they both said.

"She'll never know the difference unless I tell her—but I was bound to see the show; I go to every one that comes to Yonkers," she added.

"Of course you like them, then?"

"I do, indeed."

"And how did you like ours?" he asked, modestly.

"Yaw, dot 'Grand Ni Yorker Gombination Company,'" said Fritz, laughing.

"Be quiet, Fritz."

"Oh, I liked it first-rate; but the most of all I liked the cheek you had to give the whole show yourselves," and all three joined in a hearty laugh.

"Dot vos a bully gombination."

"I like the idea immensely. But I can beat you singing Dutch songs if you are a Dutchman," she said, turning to Fritz.

"Vot is dot?"

"I can beat you."

"Bead me?"

"She means that she can sing a better Dutch song than you can," said Paddy.

"Oh he! dot vos der kindt of a hairbin vot you vos, hey?"

"Yes. You see that I have always wanted to go on the stage, and have learned a great many songs."

"By Jinks! do you hear dot, Paddy?"

"Would you like to be an actress?" he asked, anxiously.

"I would indeed. Father used to take me when I was a little girl, and ever since I have lived here I have told aunty that I should go to the city and be an actress when I got to be a woman. But here we are. The good old soul is fast asleep, and I will show you right in and explain it to her in the morning."

"All right, if it will not trouble you."

"Not in the least. Come in."

She entered the little cottage, and, turned up the lamp which was burning low, and placing her fingers over her mouth as a signal for light walking, she led the way into a spare room.

Once there in the light, my heroes and heroine were face to face, and could see each other plainly.

Alice Harrison was a beautiful girl, erect and lightly built; her hair was dark, and her eyes were large and expressive, and as she threw aside the light wrapper which she had worn, and took off her hat, both Paddy and Fritz were instantly taken with her superb presence and graceful bearing.

"You would be a success on the stage, I'll bet," said Paddy, glancing at her.

"Oh, by Jinks, I wish she was mid our 'gombination,' she would dake like some hod cakes, I bade you."

"Such a life would just suit me."

"Und me doo," said Fritz, whose enthusiasm was growing brighter and stronger ever since the idea occurred to him that she might join their fortunes.

"Say me dot you will go mid us," said he, taking both her pretty hands in his.

"Yes; I'll go if aunty will agree to it, and I guess she will, for she's a jolly, good old soul, and has learned me lots of steps in dancing."

"All right. We'll ask her in the morning."

"Und if she say dot is all drighd—ah, bully!" and Fritz manifested his delight at the prospect by dancing a few steps of a breakdown.

"Hush! you might wake her up, and she would be awfully frightened at seeing you here."

"Yes, Fritz, keep quiet. Then that is a go, is it?"

"Sure pop. I like both of you, and I think we can play together splendid."

"Do you know dot Liddle Fraud?"

"Yes. We will rehearse it in the morning."

"All drighd."

"And if you can only get the old harpist to go along with us, we can do well, I think."

"Is this your first show?" she asked archly.

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I thought so."

"Were we fresh?"

"Yes, but you can do it, both of you. Oh, Fritz, how I did laugh over that sardine box."

"I make me dot myself."

"Good as wheat. Well, I will leave you now, and will see you in the morning. Good-night," she said, turning and going to the door.

"Good-night."

"Pleasant dreams."

"Yaw, I shall dream of you."

Once left alone, they began to speculate

upon the future again, and almost forgot the immediate past. Paddy counted his money and found himself possessed of nearly a hundred dollars. His heart took hope, for if, with a modified programme, they could keep on doing as well as that, fortune certainly awaited them.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW BILL AND NEW SENSATION.

PADDY O'DOWD slept but little that night, for the strangeness of the situation, the excitement of the evening, and the speculations for the future crowded upon him so thickly that sleep forsook his eyes. He was the manager, and consequently had to take charge and direction of everything.

Dot Boy Fritz, on the contrary, laughed himself to sleep over the events of the night and bright anticipations of the future, and he slept like a log with the bark on.

The next morning Alice was up with the lark, for sleep had not favored her with a regular visit. To her young heart and high imagination the whole great world seemed to be on the point of opening. The glorious dreams she had so often indulged in were about to be realized, she thought, and all night long she built beautiful air-castles which seemed too bright and congenial with her nature to come in contact with the rude world.

Aunty Monks was awake as soon as Alice, and she listened with protruding eyeballs to the story she told of the show the night before, of the showmen, and how she came to bring them home with her. It was more than the good old woman could comprehend at once, and so Alice repeated the story again. Then she understood it.

"But wha, wha you gwine to do wid 'em now?"

"Oh, they will be all right now, Aunty. But do you know that I am going to travel with them and learn to be an actress, if you will let me."

"Wha dat? Gwine away from yer ole aunty?"

"You know I hate to leave you ever so much, and will not if it makes you unhappy. But you know I am ambitious to be somebody in the world, to be able to repay you for all you have done for me when you get too old to work, and here is a chance for me to begin. You know it will kill me to remain in this dull town much longer. I want to see the world, and mingle in the scenes I have dreamed about so much."

"Oh, chile, chile! wha I do widout yer?"

"But I shall come back to see you often, and bring the money to finish paying for your little cottage here, so that you will always have a home."

"De Lor' bress you, Allie; I knows you'll do what's right, and I knows dat you's been gettin' restless for a long time. But let me see dem chaps wha you go wid."

At that moment Paddy opened the bedroom door and walked out, followed by Fritz.

A hearty salutation passed between the three, and then they were given an introduction to Alice's foster mother, Aunty Monks.

"Why Allie, chile, dem's boys," said she, looking at my heroes.

"Yes, Aunty, they are young, but they can give a good show, and I can help them."

"Bress de Lor', I can't kersactly understan' it all of a sudden. Can't really."

"Well, they shall remain to breakfast with us, and we will explain it all right, so you will understand it."

"But we shall make you too much trouble," said Paddy.

"No, no, chile; got plenty to eat, and I wants to get better 'quainted wid ye. Nice, likely-lookin', though," she mused.

"Well, we are both poor, and have only just set out in this business. But we made a hundred dollars here last night, and if we had Alice we could do better."

"A hunner dollars!" exclaimed the old lady,

throwing up her hands in surprise. A hunner dollars in one night!"

"Yes, and we can make plenty more."

"Lor' a massy on me! A hunner dollars in one night."

"Oh, that's nothing, Aunty, I have read about their making a thousand dollars in one night at the city shows," said Alice.

"Chile, chile, you tells me too much! It seems umpossible. Why don't everybody go inter de business?"

"Because everybody can't do it, and if they did, who would go to the shows? Now, then, let us get breakfast."

"And we will walk through your garden, and down by the river," said Paddy, bowing and turning towards the door.

"Und dig some clamt," suggested Fritz.

They walked around for about half an hour, when Alice came to escort them to breakfast.

While this was being indulged in the whole project was explained to the old colored aunty, and she was gradually won over to the idea of allowing Alice to accompany them.

After breakfast Fritz and Alice went through with the song and dance of the "Little Fraud," and both he and Paddy were agreeably surprised to find that she had an excellent voice, a bright, sparkling manner of delivery, much confidence in herself, and withal a very neat and sprightly dancer.

Fritz's delight knew no bounds, and again they went through the performance, and aunty herself was greatly taken with it.

"Ah, I show'd her how ter do dat step," she said, as Alice was dancing. "Oh, she is fine."

"She is indeed, and will do well, no doubt."

"I bade you," said Fritz.

"What songs can you sing?" asked Paddy, as they finished the song and dance.

Alice mentioned several.

"All right, I'll make a note of them," said he, writing down the list she gave him.

"And do you blay some insdruments?" asked Fritz.

"Certainly; guitar, banjo, and piano."

"Oh, by jinks, dot is ehust doo good for high."

"Best in the world!" said Paddy.

"Now, chile, I's gwine ter tell you dat Alice hab had der best eddercation ob any gal in Yonkers. Her father left her some money for dat special purpose, an' if I be'nt nothing but a poor cull'ed woman dat takes in washing, I hab been good to dat chile, an' it almos' breaks my heart to part wid her," said old aunty with some considerable emotion.

"That is so, aunty. I know you have been good to me, and now I will show you how good I will be to you."

"If you go with us you shall share and share alike."

"Anything that pleases you will satisfy me."

"All right. Now here is what I will do. I will go up to the hall and get our traps removed to the depot; find the old harpist and see if he will go with us a while longer; then I will take the train and go up to Tarrytown and see if we can get a hall, after which I will go back to New York, get some bills printed, and return as quickly as possible. In the meanwhile you and Fritz can rehearse, and I will put you up for a couple of songs. See?"

"Just as you say."

"Bully!" ejaculated Fritz, for he liked the idea of remaining with the sprightly girl immensely.

"Well, then, I'm off. If I don't return you may know that it is all hunkey."

"All righd. Bud cand I see you when you come back from dot Darrydown?"

"Yes, be at the depot and I will see you."

"Good."

Thus arranged, Paddy took his leave, and Dot Boy Fritz was left alone with Alice Harrison to rehearse and get ready for the new move in her life, which was to be so pregnant with events.

It was very evident that she had for a long time settled upon the stage as a profession, for while other girls of her acquaintance were simply studying how best to be in fashion and attract the attention of beaux, she had scarcely ever thought of such a thing, but learning

early how to make her own dresses, she had several that were especially adapted for the stage.

In one particular she had almost a complete wardrobe; that for the portrayal of Dutch girls.

She had three separate and distinct make-ups, with the exception of wigs.

But in this she had a very good substitute.

She had three different styles of doing up her hair, making the change rapidly, and Fritz assured her that she needed no wigs.

All day long they rehearsed and talked over the business.

She played the guitar finely, and in a serenade in which she dressed as an Italian page, she appeared to great advantage, and fairly stole away Fritz's heart.

For the first time in his life he felt that indefinable sensation which more experienced persons know as love.

Then she dressed for the part of the girl in "Little Fraud," then the most popular song and dance extant, and with her short skirts and stripped stockings, thick shoes, and her jaunty headdress, she completed her conquest over Fritz, and he concluded that if she made half the impression on the audience that she made on him, her success in the profession would be instantly assured.

Auntie did scarcely anything that day but watch and applaud the two young artists.

"Fo' de Lor', chile, I should like for to see you do dat de fust night on de show stage," said she.

"And so you shall, I guess. Why can she not go up to Tarrytown with us, Fritz?" asked Alice.

"Of course she can."

"Good 'nuf, chile, dat will kinder ease up on partin wid yer if I see yer start off well."

"And whenever we come anywhere near here you shall come and see us, and I will come home to see you."

"Allie, chile, dat makes me feel better," said the faithful old negress, kissing her fair young brow.

When the afternoon train came down, Fritz and Alice were at the depot to hear what Paddy had to say.

He was promptly on hand when the train slacked up, his face radiant with pleasurable excitement.

"It's all right, Fritz, old man; I have engaged the hall for day after to-morrow night. I am making out the programme as I go along, and will be back again to-morrow afternoon with them. I shall stop here on my way up. You and Alice can stay here until the day of the show, and go up in the morning. In the meantime I will have the bills up and everything ready so that we can have a good rehearsal."

"Und dat harpist"—

"He is all right; he will be on hand. Take our traps along. I shall put you down, Alice, for two pieces alone, and two concerted pieces of acts with me and Fritz. Good-by."

"All righd," said Fritz, as the cars began to move and Paddy stepped upon the platform.

"By-by," he said, kissing his hand to Alice, in return for a like salute from her.

Again everything seemed bright, and the two amateurs returned arm in arm to the cottage of the good old colored auntie, and informed her of the arrangement.

That evening Fritz hired a sail boat, and he and Alice went out on the broad and beautiful river for a sail.

The moon was shining brightly and lit up almost a fairy scene.

For two or three hours they sailed back and forth from the opposite shore and around nearer the town, during which they sang together in such a sweet volume of harmony, that they found many listeners lining the shores as they casually approached them, and the crews on the various river craft and passengers on steamboats gave vent to their appreciation of the melody by frequent and rapturous applause.

Two happier souls never enlivened a brighter scene than Alice Harrison, and to this day they both look back to that night as

the opening of the golden gates of a triumphant but checkered life.

The next day was spent much as this one had been, and Fritz assisted Alice in packing her little trunk with the dresses she had prepared, and at night they were all ready for the start on the morrow.

Old auntie was astir betimes, and had everything in readiness.

She and Fritz took the trunk to the depot, where he found his own and Paddy O'Dowd's traps, and all were checked for Tarrytown by the nine o'clock train.

At Tarrytown they found Paddy at the depot waiting for them, and saw the dead walls covered with show bills, announcing the "New York Combination of Variety Stars," a slight modification of the Yonkers bill.

Paddy had given fewer names and arranged them better, but the name of Alice Harrison was here first shown to the public, and she was called "The Bright Versatile Star," a title she has since shown herself to be fully entitled to bear.

Going directly to the hall they found the old blind harpist there and he gave Fritz a welcome which told of the good impression he had made upon the man who could not see but felt so keenly.

"I hope you were not hurt last night," said he.

"Nod much; bud I shoold gid me a big head pud me on bud vor dis girl," he said, taking Alice by the hand and presenting her to him.

"Dot vos Alice Harrison, misder orchesdra."

"Ah! I have heard of her brave action," said the old man, taking both of her hands. "I am very glad to meet you, and I feel that you are a good girl."

"I bade you," said Fritz.

"Thanks; and I think I shall like you. I heard you play at Yonkers, and I like your music very much."

"Ah! but I have some better pieces that I have remembered since, and I know you will like them."

The conversation was interrupted by Paddy, who was anxious to get to work rehearsing.

But after what has been said there is no occasion to go over the rehearsal; suffice to say that it was satisfactory in all respects, and Alice never seemed more at home than she did while going through her songs and dances. In addition to this she rehearsed one of her guitar pieces with the old harpist, and he showed her many new points while playing second to her, and it was finally understood that she was to play it for her second encore if she was called upon.

Leaving them alone in the hall, Fritz and Paddy went out to circulate more bills and to make full preparations for the evening entertainment. Then taking the train they went up to Sing Sing to make arrangements for a night at that place.

This was arranged in less than two hours, and they returned to Tarrytown an hour before time for the performance, and had ample time to make an improved programme and bill for the printers to be at work upon in the meantime.

At length the doors were opened and the crowd began to pour in with every indication of a full house. Paddy was selling tickets and Fritz taking them, while Alice and the old harpist were behind the scenes waiting for the audience.

Before five dollars had been taken, however, the town constable arrived and demanded twenty dollars for license before he would allow another ticket to be sold. In fact, they had violated one of the town laws in not procuring one before they opened the doors. He was perpendicularly on his dignity, and waved back the crowd who were pressing up towards Paddy in the box office.

Here was a fix. Only about five dollars had been taken in, and Paddy had paid out all the money he had for hall, printing, and other necessary expenses.

"Wait a bit," said he. "Wait until I have taken in the money and you shall have it."

"Not any. You have violated the law, and are even now liable to arrest for not obtaining

a license before opening your doors. Not another ticket can be sold until I receive the money for your license," said the constable.

Fritz and Paddy consulted in whispers, while the crowd gathered in large numbers and demanded to know the cause of the delay.

"Can you change a hundred dollar pill?" asked Fritz, turning to the officer.

"Yes, sir. Bring it along," replied he.

"You are doo fresh."

"Well, I have some 'salt' here that will do for both of us," said the constable, displaying his shield.

"That's all right. We don't want any," said Paddy, "can't you let up on us for ten minutes. You see the money is waiting at the door."

"Not a moment. Come down with the cash or away you go."

At that moment the blind man's boy came up to Fritz and informed him that Alice wished to see him.

"What is the trouble?" she asked, as soon as he came behind the scenes.

Fritz informed her just how matters stood.

"Here," said she, diving into her bosom, "I have some money. Here is twenty dollars. Take it and set the ball a-going."

"Oh, by jinks, you is der bulliest liddle gal in der world," he exclaimed, and catching her cheeks between her hands he gave her a kiss which might have been heard all over the hall.

"Go away, Fritz, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she asked, pushing him towards the door.

"No, by jinks, dot is too good do be ashamed mid," and away he flew through the hall out into the entry where the officer stood, holding back the crowd that had become by this time quite noisy.

"Here, Misder Gonstable, here is your soap."

"That's the way to talk it, and here is your license," replied the officer.

The money was paid and the constable turned to the crowd and informed them that they could now pile in as fast as they liked, at the same time approaching the door of the hall for the purpose of entering himself.

But Fritz was here and held out his hand for the customary ticket.

"Oh, that's all right, of course," said the officer.

"Nod if I knows myself, id isn'd," replied Fritz. "You must get a dicked."

"But it is always customary to admit the constable of this town to all shows."

"Und id is cusdumary for a gonsdable do be a vise man. Ged your pasde-board?"

The crowd was clamoring for a passage way which the pompous official was completely blocking up—and finding that he was making an ass of himself in the wordy contest, he backed out and went to the ticket office and procured a ticket the same as anybody else had to.

The crowd swelled in and money flew around with luxurious profusion. There had been no show of the kind in the place for a long time, and so there was a rush which filled the hall completely, and put three hundred dollars into the empty treasury.

At eight o'clock nearly everybody was in who intended to go, and the door was left in charge of the janitor, and Fritz and Paddy went behind the scenes to commence the evening's entertainment.

In the meantime the old harpist had silenced the noise in the hall by one of his superb performances on his harp, at the conclusion of which Paddy was ready for the first part of the programme.

There is no need of going over the details of this performance, only so far as relates to Alice Harrison, it being her first appearance before any audience. As for Paddy and Fritz, they both did much better than at Yonkers, and the audience were seemingly very much pleased, and entirely fooled regarding the number of the "combination."

But Alice proved the centre of attraction after all. She was a trifle timid at first;

she regained her composure and dash in a few minutes, and at the end of her first song she found herself the mistress of the house, and was rapturously encored.

CHAPTER VII

GENERAL CONGRATULATION.

THE next time Alice appeared she was also the mistress of herself, and a second call was more earnestly made than the first had been. Then came her solo on the guitar, accompanied by the blind harpist. This was also a success, and as she retired Fritz was the first to meet and salute her with a kiss, and a prophecy that she would yet be the queen of the variety stage.

The show went along quite smoothly, and the audience was generous with its applause. But when Fritz and Alice came out to sing and dance the "Little Fraud," they carried the house by storm, and had to repeat it three times.

Success was assured for both of them, and Paddy came in for much more generous treatment than he had received at Yonkers, and a happier trio than they were could not be found.

The performance ended happily, and the audience retired in the best of spirits, fully satisfied that they had received their money's worth.

During the performance all three of them had noticed a very fine looking old man who sat near the stage, and who appeared to have neither eyes nor ears for anybody but beautiful Alice Harrison.

When the show broke up he lingered around the door and seemed anxiously waiting for some one.

Paddy and Fritz understood this thing better than Alice did. In fact, she knew nothing at all about the dangers and temptations which beset the beauties of the profession. Fritz was especially indignant, and as soon as he had dressed, he went boldly out to confront the man.

"Maybe you don't want to see somepody?" said he.

"I would like to see Miss Harrison, very much," said the man, calmly, and without noticing Fritz's indignation.

"You had bedder go shood yourself, old man. She is nod dot kind of a gal," replied Fritz, sharply.

"But you mistake me, my dear sir."

"I bade you I don't, and you had bedder gid up and gid out of dis, or I pud some din roofs all over your head, righd away."

"Wait a moment, my friend, I"—

"I waid no dimes. Gid!"

"But, sir, you do not know me, I"—

"I bade you, I do. Gid!"

"Bounce him, Fritz!" shouted Paddy, coming from behind the scenery.

"What! Don't you dare"—

Before he had time to finish the sentence, Paddy and Fritz had seized him and he was hustled down the stairs at a lively pace.

"You will regret this, young men. I am"—

Before he had concluded the speech, the door was slammed in his face, and the two friends felt relieved at his ejection.

Having closed the door upon one whom they supposed to be what is known on the stage as a "Masher," Paddy and Fritz turned to the janitor, who had approached to learn the cause of the trouble, and asked who he was.

"I am sure I don't know; I never saw him before that I know of, and he must be a stranger in town. Guess he's one of the city chaps spending the summer up here," replied the janitor.

"He's a duffer, anyhow," replied Fritz, who was highly incensed at the suggestion of the man whom they had just put out.

"A masher," sneered Paddy.

"A what?"

"A masher."

"Who'd he mash?" asked the man in astonishment.

"Nobody, you bet."

"Then what'd you run him out for?"

"He was trying ter mash Alice Harrison."

"Und he god some misdake made mid himself puddy quick, I bade you."

"I don't understand what you mean," said the old man, still in doubt about what the offence had been.

"What! you don't know what a masher is?" asked Paddy, turning suddenly towards him.

"Well, I suppose it means a rough, a rowdy, somebody who fights and mashes people. But I thought he was a nice, quiet, respectable gentleman."

"Bah! A masher is a snoozer who tries to get girls that's on the stage in love wid him; that's what a masher is."

"Oh, ho!" said the old man, laughing.

"That's news to me. I noticed him all through the show. He came in after I took charge of the door and asked me who this Alice Harrison was. I told him that I did not know, that I had never heard of her before, and then he went in and got as close to the stage as possible."

"Of course. All mashers do that."

"Then he came back to the door and asked me if I would take a note in behind the curtain to her, and I told him I couldn't leave the door. He offered to stay here until I came back, but I thought that wasn't exactly square, and so I told him he'd better wait until the show was over."

"And he did."

"Und he wend oud," added Fritz.

"But I guess that he meant no harm, he was such a respectable looking old gentleman."

"Oh, your too fresh, old man. All the mashers most are that stripe. But come, let's get over to the hotel," said Paddy, going behind the scenes, where Alice was packing up her dresses.

Fritz followed, but neither of them said anything about the affair either to Alice or the harpist, Colio. In a few minutes they had everything packed up, and they all went to the hotel, where lodgings had been engaged for them.

The stranger whom our heroes had denounced and ejected as a masher was lurking in the shade, for he had already found out that Fritz and Paddy were not to be trifled with.

Colio, the old blind harpist, was as much delighted with their success as either of the others were, and it took but little persuasion, on the head of a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, to get him to agree to continue with the company as its orchestra, and to send the boy back to New York.

Alice had taken a great fancy to the old man and he to her, and as they sat talking together over the supper that had been ordered for them, she suggested that the boy could be dispensed with, and that she could lead the orchestra when it was necessary.

This joke was well received, but Fritz instantly opposed it. He thought the boy could be made useful, for he was quite a smart little fellow, about nine years of age, in distributing bills, doing errands, and the like. But his principal reason for wishing to retain him, was that he thought he would like to occupy all of Alice's attention when there was nothing else to do. But he did not mention this fact.

The others seemed to think that the boy could be dispensed with, and Fritz began to feel that the tide was against him.

"I dells you vat I do me mid dot boy," said he at length. "I wride me play for him und Alice und myself."

"Ah, if you could only do that, it would be all hunkey," said Paddy.

"Yes, indeed," replied Alice, "for we ought to have a farce of some kind on the bill."

"You are perfectly right, Miss Alice," said Colio. In fact, he was quite as ready to agree with her as were the others.

"Dot seddles id; I fix me dot all righd."

"Well, what do you think of me?" asked

Alice, after the boy question had been settled.

"You know vat I dinks mid you, Alice, und ve all speak chusd der same," said Fritz.

"Never saw anything like it in my life. Your complete success makes me afraid," said Paddy O'Dowd.

"Why so, Paddy?" she asked earnestly.

"I am afraid that you will become so good and so well liked that somebody will get you away from us."

Dot Boy Fritz pricked up his ears instantly.

"What! somebody get me away from you?" she replied, with a show of color in her animated face.

"Some city manager, I mean."

"No, no, I'll remain with you."

"You will?" asked Fritz, earnestly.

"Yes, indeed. Fritz, I like you both, and to travel, too well to leave you."

"Good!" exclaimed both boys and the old harpist.

"I will not go without your consent, at all events."

"Better than good."

"Bedder as sdamps."

"Here is the twenty dollars you were so kind as to give us to-night," said Paddy, taking a large handful of bills from his coat pocket and giving it to her.

"All right. How much did you take to-night?"

"Over three hundred dollars."

"Gracious!" she exclaimed.

"Nearly a hundred dollars a-piece for us, after the expenses have been paid."

"How vos dot for somedings high?"

"Why, we shall soon be rich."

"Yes, if we could play to such houses all the time. But we may not do so well as this in every place. Here is fifty dollars for you, fifty for Fritz, and fifty for me. The balance I'll keep for expenses, and show you all about how I pay it out."

"I covers me dot," said Fritz.

"Good; but hadn't you better keep it, Paddy?" she asked.

"No. You want to buy some things, and besides it is better to have it scattered around between us in case of any accident."

"Perhaps you are right," she said, rolling up the money and placing it in the bosom of her dress. "But now I want to tell you something; I think I can play boy's parts."

"Do you?" they both asked.

"Yes, I borrowed a suit of clothes of a boy once, and played a game of base ball with the other boys, and they never knew that I was a girl."

"Devil—to—whack! What a card that will be, Fritz."

"Oh, by jinks, I bade you."

"If you say so, I'll try it."

"Why, yes, if you can, certainly. You can dress all but the coat before going from the hotel—see?"

"Oh, I have studied that all out; I've seen girls do boys' parts on the stage, and I know how they make the changes."

"You are von drump," said Fritz, admiringly.

"You buy me a suit up at Sing Sing, and—"

"Vos is dot? A Sing Sing suid of clodhes."

"No, no, not the regulation stripe, but you know what I mean. You buy me a suit and I'll practice in it for a while."

"Have you a song?"

"Yes, two."

"Und I can make her some more."

"Yes, Fritz, you shall be the dramatist of our combination, dramatist and stage manager, and Paddy shall be the business manager and treasurer. How is that for an arrangement?"

"Good enough. Ah! come in," said Paddy, in answer to a rap on the door.

The door was opened by a servant.

"There is an old colored woman down stairs that—"

"Show her up right away," said Alice.

"Certainly, I had almost forgotten her. Where did she go to?"

"Why, she found an old neighbor of hers, a colored woman, and she went home with

her after the show was over, promising to come here as soon as she finished her talk."

"Good gracious, but how the old lady did enjoy the performance though," said Paddy, laughing.

"Yaw. Did you hear her laugh?"

"Yes. She made the audience laugh almost as much as we did."

At that moment the old aunty came in.

"Ah, Aunty Monks, come right in," said Alice, going to the door to meet her.

"Gosh blow dat darned landlady. She war a putting on lugs an' said as how she guessed I war mistaken 'bout wantin' for ter see Miss Alice Harrison," said she, with much show of indignation.

"Oh, don't mind it, Aunty. Come sit down and have some supper."

"All right, Allie, only it make me mad for dat ole tool for ter 'spect dat I wasn't good 'nough for ter 'sociate wid you."

"Never mind it, Aunty. How did you like your own little Alice?"

"I nebber seed nuffin better in 'Frisco, nor nowhar; ain't had so much fun since dat Christmas dat yer fadder took us all to pamplimine in 'Frisco. Nebber seed nuffin so good, nebber, nebber."

"Yes, but how about Fritz and Paddy?"

"Chile, I wor proud of you, so proud dat I almost forgot myself, and come mighty neah shoutin' halliluja right out fo' dem all. But dat boy Fritz and dat Paddy—dey make me bust all de hooks off my dress laughin' at 'em," and again she fell to laughing loudly.

"Glad you like it, Aunty," said Paddy.

"Ho, by golly, Paddy, you play dot banjo s'prisin' well, an' you look so much like a nigger dot I war almos' good mind ter git right up dar on de stage an' hug you for it."

"That would have brought the house down, surely," said Alice.

"Yaw, und id would have brought Paddy down doo, I guess," suggested Fritz.

"And we have made a hundred dollars a-piece to-night, Aunty. What you think of that?"

"Wha', wha'—wha' dat you say, Alice? Don't go for to fool yer ole mudder."

"It is a fact," said Paddy, "and here is the money."

"Oh, chile, 'chile!" said she, turning to Alice. "I'se 'fraid dat you git so rich an' grand dot you forget all about yer ole mudder."

"No, no, Aunty, I will never forget you, be sure of that, and I will send you home money to finish paying for your house."

"Oh, chile, chile! it will be powerful lonesome for me dar when I go home an' don't fin' you dar."

"But I will come home before long."

Tears came to the old woman's eyes, and out of respect for them the others got up and withdrew to their respective rooms, leaving Alice and her foster-mother to follow whenever it suited them.

Fritz and Paddy talked themselves to sleep after a long trial.

The future looked bright, and the plans they laid would have astonished anybody but boys with but slight experience with the fickle world.

They had certainly been very fortunate thus far, but would their good fortune continue to wait upon them?

As for Fritz, he somehow believed that Alice was a star of good fortune to them, and no ill could overtake them while her bright light remained with them, and he went to sleep that night dreaming of how he could make up a character for her in his contemplated play.

The next morning they were somewhat late to breakfast, and thus avoided the other boarders.

Then their baggage was taken to the depot, and all hands parted with Aunty Monks, as she returned to Yonkers by the down train.

The parting between Alice and the old woman was truly affecting, and with promises to exchange letters often, they separated, and our party took the next train for Sing Sing.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVENTS AT SING SING—THAT SAME "MASHER."

WHILE riding to Sing Sing from Tarrytown, Alice, who occupied a seat with Dot Boy Fritz, fell asleep, and Fritz improved the time by writing a song for her to sing in boys' attire.

After completing it he woke her up and read it to her. She, being a better English scholar than he was, went over and corrected the grammar, and otherwise gave it more finish.

After completing it she read it aloud, calling upon old Colio, who sat in the seat behind them, to listen to it and suggest an air for it. These are the words:

A BULLY APPETITE.

'Twas ad a lager beer saloon,
Down dare upon der streed,
I used der meet a Deutcher gal
Who look so brighd und sweed.
Such eyes, such lips, und such a nose
I never seen before;
I didn'd mind how much I dread
Undil I paid der score.

SPOKEN.—Den I say me do dot gal, 'my preddy liddle dear, vat vas id you have,' und she say:

CHORUS.

Roast pork, boiled pork, pickled eels, und Sweitzer kase,
Blood pudding, sauer-kraut, vich you said was im-menst;
Rhine-vine, sausages, smear-kase, und liver-wurst,
Dot added up dogedder make dwo dollars fideen cenda.

I looked ad her, I squeezed her hand
De squeeze she den returned;
I vend nexd day do see dis gal,
Because my bosom burned.
I couldn'd ead me noddings,
I feld so awful queer,
Und she vinked her glass eye ad me,
Und vispered in my ear.

SPOKEN.—Yaw: der same ding over again. She couldn'd seem ter ged enough. So she vispered back—

CHORUS.—Roast pork, etc.

I doid her dot I loved her,
Und I asked her for her hand,
I doid her I vas veadly,
Und owned a peanut stand,
I asked her for do be my vife,
Und be my durdle dove,
Ve ged us up a shanty,
Und learn do live on love.

SPOKEN.—Vell, I chusd dole you how id vas. She didn't seem do drop do id right away puddy quick. She said she guessed I vas coundng my chickens before my ducks vas hatched. She shook her preddy liddle head und vispered—

CHORUS.

Roast pork, beiled pork, pickled eels, und Sweitzer kase,
Blood pudding, sauer-kraut, vich you said vas im-mense;
Rhine vine, sausages, smear-kase und liver wurst,
Dot added up dogedder makes dwo dollars fideen cenda.

"I like it first-rate, Fritz," said Alice.

"It is very good," added the old harpist, "and I will arrange an air to it."

"But what shall I have for an encore?"

"Vel, led me see. How vas dis? Id is a liddle ding vot I make me some dime behind."

"Sometime behind! Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed. "Fritz, you are as Dutch as sauer-kraut."

"Yaw, I guess yes, do dot. But I is a good fellow, Alice, for ail dot."

"I'll bet you are. You can drop your Dutch easy enough. Instead of saying sometime behind, say sometime ago, meaning sometime before this—see?"

Fritz bowed, and while blushing in the face of the beautiful girl, resolved to study harder than ever to get the mastery of the English language.

"Well, never mind, Fritz, old boy, I'll show you out, and you tell me some things I don't know," said she, placing her hand on his arm.

Fritz thought he would like to tell her something she did not know, and he would have

done so then and there if he could have summoned the courage.

"Let us hear the song," she added.

"Id is von of my own songs vad I sing."

"And you will let me sing it?"

"Sure, somedimes ven I sing id nod. Id is called:

DOT YOHNN DHOMAS CAD.

If you'll liden to me, I'll do vot I can,
Do dole unto you, I'm a miserable man,
I lose me my cad, chusd dree days ago,
Und I feel so bad, I don'd know vot I'll do.

CHORUS.

Can any von dell me vere dot cad is gone,
Dot kidden cad, dot Mauldese cad,
Can any von dell vere dot cad is gone,
Dot beaudiful yohn Dhomas cad.

He vos a nice cad, he had von eyebrow.
Und such a sweed voice, ven he said me-ow I
Bnd yesderday some boys, dey god a din-pail,
Und dey died id ondo my pussy cad's dail.

CHORUS.

Do any von vind him und bring him do me,
I'll gif dot berson dwo dollars or dree.
He had such nice eyes, und den day did shine,
Und his dail id gurled ub like a big figure nine.

CHORUS.

"Sing Sing!" shouted the brakeman, as the cars slowed up, and our friends began to get their traps together to get off.

Paddy was at the depot waiting for them, and had a carriage ready to take the whole party to the hotel, which was near the hall.

There was no rehearsal for that day, and the whole party spent the time in improving themselves in various ways, although Paddy took the afternoon train and went to Poughkeepsie for the purpose of engaging the Opera House for a few nights.

Fritz bought Alice a suit of boy's clothes that fitted her elegantly, and was astonished a few minutes after delivering them to her to see her come out on the piazza of the hotel where she was seated.

"Hello, Fritz!" said she, slapping him on the back, in a jolly way: "let's go and take a promenade."

"Vot is dot?" he asked, looking up in astonishment, for at first he didn't know her.

"Let's go for a 'prom'—come."

"By Jinks, Alice! is dot you?—vell, vell!"

"Of course it's me—what's the matter with you?"

"Vell, vell, I schusd buck me mine head againsd some sdone—I did nod know you."

"Well, that's all right—let's take a walk."

With some reluctance Fritz started down the street in company with her. He was afraid that other eyes were keener than his, and that her disguise would be seen through and trouble ensue. But his fears were groundless. They walked over the town for an hour or two without creating the least suspicion.

On their return to the hotel Alice retired to her room, and Fritz proceeded to carry out an idea that had lately entered his head.

Going to a music store he purchased a large mouth harmonicon, and taking it to a tin shop he had it arranged inside of a tea-kettle in such a way that he could operate it with a slide and play upon it by blowing through the spout of the kettle.

It took quite a while to complete the arrangement, and on his return to the hotel he found Paddy had returned with the news of having completed affairs for three nights at the city of Poughkeepsie.

The tea-kettle was a great hit with the company, and Fritz was hailed as a genius. Then they completed the programme for the first and second night at the Queen City of the Hudson and sent it to the printer by mail, as per arrangement. Here Alice was to make her first appearance in boy's clothes and the programme had to be changed considerably.

Night came on and they had a good house. Their fame had preceded them to quite an extent, and the performance went off admirably; Paddy coming to the front and fully sharing the honors with both Alice and Fritz. In fact he improved faster than Fritz did in every respect with the exception, perhaps, of novelty.

In this respect he could not be expected to equal Fritz, who had nothing to do but study

up and invent, but he was a better actor and general singer outside of the Dutch delineations.

Among the spectators that evening was Tony Pastor, then in the height of his popularity, and then as now at the head of the variety show business.

He was delighted and surprised, delighted with the performance and surprised that three persons, all unknown to fame, could give such an entertainment. In fact, it nearly equaled his own at his Opera House in New York with dozens of artists.

He sent his card in behind the scenes by a boy, and was welcomed with every demonstration of admiration and respect, for both of the boys had seen him often upon the stage, and regarded him almost in the light of a demi-god, and when they saw him seeking an audience with, and taking them cordially by the hand, they hardly knew whether they were dreaming or waking.

"How long have you been going?" asked Tony, as he stood talking to the boys, who were busy with their "make up" while Alice was on the stage.

"This is our third show," said Paddy.

"What! Started out alone, and this is your third show only?" he asked, in surprise.

"Fact. We gave the first at Yonkers alone. Found Alice Harrison there, and she joined us, and showed for the first time at Tarrytown."

"Very good, indeed. I would like to have you join my company. What do you say?"

"No, we can make more than you can afford to pay us," said Paddy.

"Perhaps not."

"But we have agreed to stick together."

"That is all right. But you must not expect to have such good business all the time as you are doing now. You will run against many a dead town yet where you will lose money."

"Oh, we expect that. Ah! here comes Alice," he said, as she was returning from her second encore.

"Miss Harrison, allow me to introduce you to Tony Pastor, of whom you have often heard and doubtless seen."

Alice bowed and extended her hand, while Fritz went out for his act.

"I am delighted, Miss Harrison, and allow me to congratulate you on your success. I have seen girls who have been on the stage for years who could not command the ease and grace you seem to possess so naturally."

"Thanks. But I owe much to Fritz and Paddy," she said modestly.

"That may be. but all the teachers in the world cannot make an actress of one who has nothing to build upon. I have just been asking Mr. O'Dowd if he would not like an engagement in my company."

"He is the manager," she replied.

"Well, he says no. But if you ever get into a tight place, send me word."

"Thanks, but I guess we'll make a go of it," replied Paddy. "Alice is a trump card."

"I see she is."

"And look at Fritz," said she, turning to the Boy, who was walking back and forth upon the stage during the interlude between the verses of his song, while the audience were applauding rapturously.

"He is about the best I ever saw. Ah! what the deuce is that he has got?"

"A sardine box."

"Good enough," replied Mr. Pastor, laughing heartily, as he heard Fritz play upon his unique instrument.

A storm of applause greeted him as he retired and a perfect encore followed.

Tony Pastor shook his hand cordially as he came off, and offered his congratulations.

Fritz returned for another song, a temperance song in Dutch, which pleased his hearers greatly as it was interlarded with spoken parts. As he finished he said:

"Ladies und gendlemens. id is ondy righd dot a demperance song should be finished vid brass band moosic. As I have no brass band about me ad de presend dime, I vill, if you vill permid me, introduce my din band."

A laugh followed of course, during which the harpist's boy came upon the stage, bearing the tea-kettle which he had transformed into an orchestra.

Such a shout as followed is seldom heard. He had made a hit with the sardine box, and now that he came out with a tea-kettle, it was more than the crowds could bear without a shout.

Tony pastor joined in it, and watched the performance with interest.

"I am de invendor of dis din band," said Fritz, turning to the audience. "I hope id vill please you bedder as id did a man yad keeps a saloon in Ni Yorick, I play me dis band in frond of his place von day. I vas awful hungry. Ven I have me my dune von half played, dot saloon keeper he come oud und say do me, 'Young man, go in und ead all you vand. I had radder lose a meal dan hear de resd of dad dune.' Und dot vas bully for Dot Boy Fritz."

Then, accompanied by the harpist, he played a lively tune, and marched to its time from the stage.

Another storm of applause followed, but he would not answer it, as he had already given two encores.

Then Paddy went on in a character piece, and Tony Pastor shook Alice and Fritz by the hand warmly and retired, saying as he did so that if ever they needed a friend or an engagement, he trusted they would write to him.

While Paddy was on the stage, who should he recognize among the audience but the same "masher" that they had so unceremoniously hustled out of the hall at Tarrytown.

Alice went on after him, and while she was out of hearing, he informed Fritz of the fact, and a madder Dutchman is not often seen.

He swore he would insult him from the stage in his next act, but Paddy persuaded him not to do so, and they would both lay for him after the show was over.

But Fritz was very savage in his next song, and it was with the greatest effort that he held in, as he also recognized the man whom he felt sure was smitten with Alice Harrison, and who would undoubtedly try to get her away.

The show came to an end; a better pleased crowd seldom, if ever, retired from the hall in Sing Sing than went from it on this occasion.

By the time the audience were out of the hall, my heroes were dressed and ready to depart. Fritz tucked Alice Harrison's arm under his own, the boy led the blind harpist over to the hotel, while Paddy remained to see that everything was right before he followed.

The figure of the "masher," as they called him, was hidden in a shadow, but he followed without thinking that Paddy O'Dowd was behind. Keeping close to Alice and Fritz, he crept like a shadow along the way.

Paddy O'Dowd was close behind and was observing him. Fritz waited upon Alice to the hotel, and leaving her at the door, he loitered for his friend to come up.

The first intimation he had of his approach was a scuffle, amid which the voice of his friend was heard. Fritz was not a boy to wait for particulars in such a case, but surmising that Paddy was engaged with the "masher," he flew to his assistance, and the result was a badly pummeled gentleman and two victorious boys.

A crowd gathered, and recognizing the favorites of the evening, it took sides with them after hearing their story, and the assaulted man was glad to withdraw.

"But you shall hear from me," said he.

"Let me at him!" shouted Paddy, whose Irish was fully up.

"Led me gife him a roof," shouted Fritz.

"No, no; let him go," said the crowd.

"He is a sucker," said Paddy.

"You shall know all about who I am."

"Oh, go shoot some guns mit yourself," said Fritz, struggling with the man who was holding him back.

"All right," said the man, as he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

"He's an old masher, dead gone on Alice Harrison," said Paddy, turning to the crowd.

"We bounced him out of the hall at Tarrytown, but he has followed us to Sing Sing."

"Oh, let him go; he's got enough," said one of the bystanders.

"Bud if he vands some more he can call on us at any dime und ve vill fix him."

Paddy treated the crowd, who were of course friendly to him, and soon after retired.

The next morning, as soon as they were up, a constable put in an appearance and took both Paddy and Fritz into custody, marching them off to the lock-up without giving them a chance to communicate with Alice or the harpist.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW SENSATION FOR OUR HEROES.

THE next morning Dot Boy Fritz and Paddy O'Dowd were arraigned before a justice of the peace on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by George Underwood.

They had been taken away from the hotel without having a chance to communicate with Alice Harrison, who remained in ignorance of their fate until informed of it by a messenger, when she at once repaired to the court, where Paddy explained to her the nature of the offence, and their arrest for punishing it.

This caused her great pain and anxiety.

"What made you do it?" she asked, while the tears came to her beautiful eyes.

"What! allow him to be fooling around you?" asked Paddy, with great earnestness.

"Yaw; I dink so either," put in Fritz.

"But only think what may happen from it. I would have sent him about his business, you may believe, and that would have saved all this trouble and disgrace," replied Alice.

"Disgrace? It is no disgrace to protect a girl from insult," replied Paddy.

"I guess so, nod," said Fritz.

"But you must not be so hot-headed. I can settle such things without trouble. Of course he's a fool, and I should have told him to go about his business; that would have been the last of it, but now —"

"Never fear, Alice, I guess we shall get out all right."

"Where is the man?" she asked, looking around the court room, which was by this time crowded with curious people, who had heard of the assault and arrest.

"There he stands over there talking with the constable," said he, pointing to him.

"Is that the man," she asked, slowly.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"No, but he looks eminently respectable. Are you sure that he is a bad man?"

"Why, didn't ve see him dry do make some sweed dings ofe you? I bade you; und ve pud some head on him puddy quick already," said Fritz. "He's a funny old galute; a masher, that's all."

"Well, he couldn't mash me, you bet."

"I dink so neider."

Alice was regarding him with a look of mingled surprise and contempt, when the justice came in and took his seat and rapped with his gavel to command order and attention.

Those who could get seats sought them at once, and quiet was soon accomplished. Alice took a seat by the side of Fritz, and every eye was bent upon them.

Two or three other cases preceded the one in which our heroes were to figure, and when they had been disposed of, the justice called the sensational case of the day.

"O'Dowd and Meyer, come forward. George Underwood come forward also," said the justice.

The parties approached the desk.

"Are these the parties who assaulted you last night?" he asked, turning to Underwood.

"They are, sir."

"And the particulars of the assault are stated in your complaint."

"Yes, sir."

"Patrick O'Dowd and Fritz Meyer, you are jointly accused of assaulting this man with design to do bodily harm. What have you

to say for yourselves?" he asked, turning to the prisoners.

"Be careful," whispered Alice, as Paddy was about to reply.

"Well, judge, I'll just tell you all about it. We are fakers, we are," said he, somewhat saucily.

"What?"

"Fakers."

"What are fakers?"

"Actors."

"Oh! Well, go on."

"This old duffer"——

"Be careful, sir. Use more respectful language," said the judge, severely.

"Well, this man. He's a masher."

"A what?" asked the astonished judge.

"A masher."

"Well, sir, what is a masher?"

"You don't know what a masher is?"

"No, sir, I haven't that honor."

"Well, I thought as how every cove knew what a masher was. A masher is a fancy snoozer who tries to make love to girls on the stage and get 'em mashed on 'em; that's what a masher is."

"Well, sir, what has that got to do with the case?"

"I'll tell you, judge. He was trying to play it on Miss Harrison here, when we were showing at Tarrytown, but we bounced him out."

At this point Fritz was about to spring up and put in a word, but Alice restrained him.

"Well, go on. It appears from your own testimony that this is not the first time that you have assaulted him."

"Ve put him oud," exclaimed Fritz, while Alice held him down into his seat.

"Yes, judge, he remained after the show was over and wanted to see Alice Harrison; that's what we bounced him out for. But he followed us to Sing Sing and tried the same game here. Do you blame us, judge, for warming his ear?"

"Certainly, I do. It is my place to blame and punish all the breaches of the peace."

"Will you allow me to explain, judge?" asked Mr. Underwood, addressing the court.

"Certainly."

It is very evident that these young gentlemen have been and are still laboring under a mistake. I am residing at Tarrytown for the summer, and seeing the name of Miss Harrison on the programme of the entertainment, I became interested on this account. I am a gentleman whose position and claims on society can be established with ease and surety. Years ago I had an only sister, and we were only children of poor but respectable parents in New York. They died, I went to sea, and during my absence my sister married and moved away. I loved that sister very dearly, but the only people who could give me particulars of her marriage and migration were dead. I could only learn that she had married a man by the name of Harrison, and that they had gone West together. Years have passed since I saw her last, and those years have brought me an abundance of riches. I have made every effort in my power to trace my sister, but in vain. This, your honor, accounts for my being attracted by the name of Harrison. I entered the hall and sat through the entertainment. The figure, face, voice, gesture, and general appearance of Miss Alice Harrison reminded me so much of my long-lost sister that it seemed to me that she was standing before my eyes. Was it any wonder then that I should desire to speak with her? I asked for permission to do so, and was rudely thrust from the hall by the defendants. Well, the more I thought of the matter the more her voice and resemblance to my sister haunted me, and I followed to this place in the hope of an interview with her, and was assaulted by the defendants before stated.

Paddy and Fritz were both looking very foolish by this time, while Alice was leaning forward in her seat and intently listening to what the plaintiff was saying.

"There was evidently a mistake on the part of the prisoners, but mistakes should not pass

wholly unpunished," said the judge. "I fine you both ten dollars each."

Mr. Underwood glanced around to where the boys were sitting on either side of Alice.

He saw at a glance that his statement had modified their hate, and turning to the justice he said:

"Allow me to assume some of the blame and pay their fines."

"As you choose, sir."

Paddy was about to protest, but Fritz pulled him back.

Mr. Underwood paid the fines, and they were discharged.

Following them into the street he resolved to make one more effort to speak with Alice.

She turned round, after going a few rods with her companions, and manifested a disposition to speak with Mr. Underwood.

"Wait a moment," she said to them.

The two boys exchanged significant glances.

"I trust you will pardon me, Miss Harrison, but I presume that you will understand, after hearing what I told the justice, that no offence was intended."

"I cannot believe it, sir. You seem to be a gentleman, and I am very sorry that such a thing occurred. It certainly would not have occurred had it not been for my too fiery friends here, who are always a trifle too ready, perhaps, to shield me from insult and annoyance. But I hope you will forgive them, sir."

"I have already done so."

Paddy and Fritz bowed, but made no reply. They turned away and walked slowly towards the hotel, while Mr. Underwood and Alice followed.

"Is your name really Alice Harrison?" he asked.

"Why, to be sure."

"I beg pardon, but you know it is not at all uncommon for members of your profession to take false names."

"True, but I have not."

"Oh, how much you resemble my sister as she was at your age; resemble her every way."

"Indeed. What was her name?"

"It was quite a rare one: Huldah Underwood, the last time I saw her."

"Huldah! Huldah Underwood?" she asked, in quick tones, as she stopped walking and caught him firmly by the arm.

"Yes, Huldah Underwood."

"Why, that was my mother's maiden name."

"Ah! I can easily believe it, for you are the perfect image of her. And she married your father"——

"In New York, and went with him to the far west, and finally to California."

"Thank God."

"And your name is George Underwood!"

"It is."

"Oh, how often have I heard her speak of her only brother George."

"And you are my niece," he said, taking both her hands in his and shaking them cordially.

Paddy and Fritz saw this, and with difficulty restrained their desire to give the old fellow another taste of their mettle.

"And you are my uncle George."

"Thank heaven! But your mother"——

"She has been dead these ten years."

"Dead!"

"Yes, and she died in the belief that you were also dead."

"I tried to communicate with her, but the people with whom she lived died soon after her departure, and I could get no clue to where she had gone."

"Yes, she used to tell me about it, and because she never heard from you she mourned you as dead."

"And your father?"

"He did not survive her long, leaving me and my sister alone in the world. She was taken by a family in San Francisco, and an old colored servant took me East with her, and I have lived here ever since."

"What a romance, my child. How strange that we should meet in such a way."

"Yes, indeed, a singular romance."

"How comes it that you are in this busi-

ness?" he asked, as she took his arm and continued their walk to the hotel.

"Because I like it."

"How long have you been in it?"

"This is only my second appearance."

"And you mean to continue in it?"

"I do indeed. Ain't I splendid?"

You are remarkable for a girl with only the experience you have had. But would you continue this life, if you possessed the means for living equal to the best in the land—would you?"

Alice looked up into his face, and then down to the ground again, but made no reply.

By this time they had arrived at the hotel, where Paddy and Fritz were waiting for them.

She introduced him as her uncle, and in a few words told them all about the affair.

But Fritz didn't appear to take much stock in it. His fierce jealousy pictured the fine looking gentleman as an admirer rather than a relation, and he somehow believed that he had deceived her in order to carry out some evil purpose.

But he swallowed it with the best grace he could, and resolved to keep his eyes and ears open.

As for Paddy, he was a bit more generous.

He even shook hands with Mr. Underwood, and expressed his sorrow at what had taken place, and congratulated him upon the discovery of so rare a jewel for a relative.

This through with, he turned his attention to business, getting their traps together preparatory to going to Poughkeepsie, where he had made arrangements for two performances at the Opera House.

Taking Colio, the harpist, and his boy, he got on board the next train, leaving Fritz and Alice to follow at their leisure.

Mr. Underwood accompanied Alice into the parlor, while Fritz remained outside, and played the eavesdropper, like the jealous fellow he was.

But there was little heard to which he could take exception.

Mr. Underwood gave her a history of his life from the time he parted with her mother, and told her he was a bachelor, rich, and with no heirs to inherit it.

Then he asked her if she would not leave the business she was in, and go and live with him, where she should have everything that money could purchase.

"No," said she. "I like this wild life and my companions in it. I can make all the money I wish, and a reputation which millions could not buy. I esteem your offer highly, and if I should ever become tired of the life of an actress, I may then avail myself of your generous offer."

Fritz was standing outside on the piazza when he overheard the above, and unable to control his glad feelings, he turned a somersault, and in doing so scattered a handful of pennies over the door, besides making considerable noise.

A couple of boys were standing near him, and seeing that he did not offer to pick up his scattered riches, but walked away to the other end of the piazza, they began to go for them like a pair of chickens after spilled corn.

"Ho, by jinks, dot is a pully gal. I wish she would chud ask me to pud some more mansard roof on his head; I bade you I would do id puddy quick."

Mr. Underwood continued his arguments to try to have her take up his offer, but she was firm to her first answer.

"How old are you, Alice?" he asked, at length.

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen," he mused. "A minor yet."

"I suppose so."

"Without a legal guardian."

"What do you mean?"

"You have no guardian to restrain you."

"Restrain me? I'd like to see somebody try to restrain me," said she, with much spirit.

Fritz listened with bated breath.

"Aunt Monks is the only guardian I ever had, and she gave me her consent, heaven bless her; and I can't understand what you mean."

"But I as your uncle could be appointed guardian, and would then have the power to restrain and keep you from this disreputable business."

"Not much."

"But I can, though."

"Have you any proof that I am your niece?"

"No, only your own acknowledgment."

"Very well. In case of emergency I might tip this romance all over. Then what?"

"But do not let us part enemies. Say you will at least correspond with me."

"Perhaps I will, if you do not molest me; but any attempt on your part to do so would make us enemies."

"I will remember it. Good-by for the present."

"Good-by," said she coldly, at the same time getting up and accompanying him to the door.

"Shall I busd him in der snood, Alice?" asked Fritz, as they came out upon the piazza.

"No, no, Fritz; I guess he will not molest me."

"By jinks, I would like puddy good dersee him do id. Dake you away mid him? I guess so nod," said he, walking up to Mr. Underwood like a Bantam rooster whose right had been invaded.

CHAPTER X.

TRIUMPHS AND CROSSES.

ALTHOUGH Alice and her uncle parted apparently good friends, it was evident that she cared but little for the relationship supposed to exist between them.

She could not have been tempted from the life upon which she was just entering had a crown been offered her.

On the other hand, it was plain to be seen that Mr. Underwood was not well pleased with the haughty independence of his new-found niece; and when they shook hands at parting there was a strange look swept over his face which Fritz did not like. In fact, he didn't like any of his looks.

However, they parted with a promise to correspond and be good friends.

Fritz and Alice took the next train to Poughkeepsie to join the rest of the company.

Mr. Underwood returned to Tarrytown, changed his dress and general appearance as much as possible, without showing that he was trying to disguise himself, and followed her to Poughkeepsie on the evening train.

Fritz was much relieved when they separated from her new-found relation, for he took no stock in him or his honesty, and all the way up he tried to convince her that this man was not what he seemed to be.

But she was keen enough to see that Fritz's greatest objection to him lay in the possibility of her being taken away from him; and besides this, he knew more of her mother and her family history than it seemed possible for a person to know who was other than Mr. Underwood claimed to be.

At Poughkeepsie, the Queen City of the Hudson, they found everything in readiness and the show billed very extensively.

In fact Paddy O'Dowd was showing himself to be quite as good a business man as he was an artist.

Alice went to the Morgan House and commenced to study a new part in the farce which she and Fritz had "cooked up," taking with her the boy, "Little Schnapps," as they had learned to call him, and showing him how to do his part and learn his lines.

Paddy and Fritz were busy with outside affairs, and old Colio was rehearsing with a violinist who had been engaged to augment the orchestra.

Of course the affair at Sing Sing was discussed between them, and Fritz succeeded in convincing Paddy that Mr. Underwood was a fraud, and they agreed that they would both keep an eye on any future movement he might make relating to Alice Harrison.

That night the Opera House was well filled

for their reputation was going in advance of them, and doing much good. They gave nearly the same performance as they gave at Sing Sing, creating a very favorable impression.

Especially was this so with regard to Alice. She made her first appearance in boys' clothes, and was loudly applauded, and recalled three times.

Fritz also created a sensation of laughter with his tea-kettle and sardine box, and the whole entertainment was voted a success by the audience.

Paddy had calculated to go before the curtain and deliver a little speech by way of announcing the next evening's entertainment, but Fritz was in such good spirits, and had made himself such a favorite with the audience, that Paddy concluded to allow him to make the announcement in his own way.

Accordingly, when the curtain went down, he stepped in front of it, and delivered himself after the following fashion. He was somewhat nervous at first, but soon recovered himself:

"Ladies und gentlemen, you vas very much obliged for us dot. you go away dickled, und in return I vill say—ve danks you, mam. Do-morrow nighd we shall dickle you some more, und presend you with some dings vad you never see before already. Miss Harrison will also appear in a new farce, wridden for her by der funniest man as never vas. Misder O'Dowd vill sing dot beaudiful sendimendal ballad, endidled, 'Id's naugdy bud id's nice.' Hoping dot you vill sleep mid a smile before you go to bed, und dot I shall see der same smiles do-morrow evening, I valdz me oud."

He retired amid applause, hardly knowing what he had said to deserve it, and the people slowly filed into the street, leaving our friends in as good humor as they were in themselves.

They had made fully a hundred dollars each after paying all expenses, besides giving good satisfaction. Why should they not have been a jolly lot of fakers?

They lingered some time behind the curtain, and finally the janitor came in and informed Paddy that a man was waiting outside in the entry to see him.

Both Paddy and Fritz sprang to their feet. They both thought of Mr. Underwood.

"You remain here, Alice, until one of us comes for you," said Paddy, starting to go.

"Und keep some eye mid yourself," added Fritz, as he turned to follow his friend.

"Who is it that wishes to see me?" asked Paddy.

"That gentleman standing there," said the janitor.

"Yis, it's me," said the man approaching.

"Is your name O'Dowd?"

Paddy looked at him a moment before making a reply. He was undoubtedly an Irishman of late importation, or one who could not shake bog trot or the bog mud from his shoes, or the blarney from his tongue.

"Yes, sir, my name is O'Dowd."

"Faith, I knew it. Divil a wan ov the O'Dowd's was iver born that wasn't smart. I'm an O'Dowd myself. Fat part of the old sod do yez hail from?"

"I never hailed from there."

"Fat's that! An O'Dowd and didn't come from Ireland?" he asked, striking a serio-comic attitude of astonishment.

"My father came from there."

"Och, the divil bate me with a blackthorn, that I shud iver mate an O'Dowd that had the misfortune to be born out of swate Ireland! Fat part did yer father come from?"

"Cork, why?"

"Cork! Cork! A Corkonian! Three cheers for Cork, the best county in Ireland. Whoop!"

"Old man, I wish you would cork up," said Paddy, evidently bored with what he regarded from the start as simply a deadhead, chinning for a ticket to the show.

"Cork up, is it? Ov course Cork is up. Faith, an' it'll niver be put down. I'm a Corkonian myself, an' my name's Patrick O'Dowd, agin the world, flesh an' the divil."

"Patrick O'Dowd. Did you ever have a brother who came to this country?" asked

Paddy with some more interest than he had shown before.

"Faith, I did; as dacent a boy as ever lived. Terrence O'Dowd as"—

"Terrence O'Dowd?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes, as nate a looking boy as yerself. He ran away with a rector's daughter, got married, and come ter this country some eighteen years ago."

"Where is he now?"

"Faith, I don't know. We heard of his arrival, but divil a word after that."

"Terrence O'Dowd is dead," said Paddy sadly.

"How should you know?"

"Because he was my father."

"Fat's that! Do ye tell me that Terrence O'Dowd, my brother, was yer father?"

"I do."

"Be gob, give me your fist," said he, seizing Paddy by the hand and nearly shaking his arm from its socket. "Be the powers, but ye remind me o' him. He was a smart look-in', dacent lad like yerself. An' so he's dead?"

"Yes: my mother died when I was only a few days old, and he followed soon after."

"Musha! musha! Thin 'twas grief that kilt him, so it was, for he loved yer mother deeply, so he did."

"And how long have you been in this country?"

"Nigh on ter five years."

"And you live here?"

"Faith I do. I've a little shanty down below, an' eight little O'Dowds in it. You must go an' see yer cousins."

"I will indeed. It's a new thing to me to see a relation."

"Be gorra, but when I seed the name of Paddy O'Dowd on the bills, I says ter myself, an' ter Biddy—that's yer aunt, ye handsome rascal—I said ter Biddy, says I, 'Maybe he's a relation I don't know, but whether he is or not, divil an O'Dowd ever lived but was not worth the goin' ter see, an' so I come!'"

"And I am very glad you did; come to the hotel to-morrow and I will go with you to see your family, and they shall all come to the show to-morrow night."

"So they shall, faith. I'll be around ter see yez airly in the mornin'—good-night."

"Good-night, uncle Pat."

"Whoop! but that sounds good. Faith, I always thought I'd be a grandfather afore I'd be an uncle."

"Very good. I'll see you to-morrow."

With another wild whoop and a hearty shake of his hand, the old man took his leave.

Paddy returned smiling to where Fritz and Alice stood, regarding the affair with evident pleasure.

"Well, what do you think of that!" he asked.

"Very jolly, indeed," said Alice.

"Yaw, by jinks, id is my durn nexd."

"What do you mean, Fritz?"

"Vell, I doid you: Alice she vind von ugle ad Darrydown, und now you vind von here—by jinks! I dink me dis a goot roudé vor ungles."

Both Alice and Paddy laughed.

"I vonder me vare I shalt vind me mine ugle? Mine ugle—oh, mine ugle!" he exclaimed, with comic pathos.

"Oh, you'll find one before we get to Albany," said Alice laughing.

"I hobe so nod—but gome, led's go," he added, turning to Alice. "Vare is dot moosic?"

"Oh, they are drinking lager somewhere, I guess."

"Und dot vas goot. I sbill me some of dot mineself, I bade you, puddy quick."

The next day was spent in rehearsing and fitting costumes for the second entertainment.

Paddy visited his relations, and they in turn come in a body to the show, and a prouder man than Patrick O'Dowd could not have been found in Poughkeepsie.

The second night was a success also, and they received several very complimentary notices from the several papers published in Poughkeepsie. It was here that my heroes experienced for the first time that peculiar sen-

sation to a new beginner in the business, the seeing of his name in print with complimentary comments. Alice received some very flattering notices, which she preserves to this day, and which she esteems higher than she does all the newspaper laudation she has since received.

The farce proved very taking, and even "Little Schnapps" bore off honors to be proud of, so well had he been trained by Alice Harrison.

That night Paddy took the last train for Hudson, leaving Fritz to attend to matters and follow the next day with the company and baggage, and as each of them had nearly two hundred dollars more in their pockets than before playing in Poughkeepsie, it is not to be wondered at that they felt happy.

The next morning, while at breakfast, an officer came in and served a summons on Alice Harrison, at the same time telling her to consider herself under arrest, requiring her to appear before a magistrate the next day to answer the complaint of George Underwood, her natural guardian.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN IN AFFAIRS.

DOT BOY FRITZ was as mad a Dutchman as could be found. Had George Underwood shown himself he would probably have got as hard a drubbing as he got at Sing Sing.

Alice was also greatly astonished, for, although not in the hands of an officer, she knew that she was under arrest, and was no longer free to do what she pleased.

But what could it mean?

She studied over the affair some time without being able to come to any satisfactory conclusion. In the meantime Fritz had telegraphed to Paddy to return, and make no engagements, after which they went to consult a lawyer.

The man of law soon explained matters. George Underwood represented himself to be the uncle of Alice Harrison, and she being a minor and engaged in a business that he considered wrong, and beneath her dignity, he prayed the Court to arrest the said Alice Harrison, and appoint him her guardian, or otherwise restrain her from the life she was leading.

The lawyer offered to appear in her behalf, but could not hold out much hope, when he learned the facts of the case, there being a law whereby he could arrest and send her to a reformatory institution, or have the Court appoint a guardian for her.

Fritz suggested that Auntie Monks be sent for, but this was not deemed best by the lawyer, since she was no relation to her, and would, of course, be unable to show claim to the office of guardian.

Things looked squally, and the prospects of a breaking up of the "combination" was much better than they wished it was.

But it was a plain case, and rested entirely with the Court.

Paddy O'Dowd returned by the next train, having cancelled all arrangements at Hudson, and was soon given to understand exactly how the land lay.

At first he was thoughtful, and said but little, but his Irish blood was soon up, and he seemed exceedingly anxious to put a head on somebody.

"I say, Fritz, why didn't we give him all he wanted at Sing Sing? Bad luck to us; why didn't we bust him so that he'd keep away from us."

"I gives it ub, Paddy," replied Fritz, half mournfully.

"Now never mind, boys," said Alice. "It may turn out all right after all. Don't do anything rash, for that would only make matters worse. Let us wait and see."

"But look at our expenses, Alice. A few days of this will eat us all up," said Paddy.

"No, no, it won't. Besides, we can earn more right away, and everything will be lovely."

"When does the trial come off?"

"This afternoon at three o'clock."

"But you vill nod go mid dot rooster, vill you, Allie?" asked Fritz, with much pathos.

"Not if I can help myself, you may well believe."

"The whole thing has been a mistake clear through."

"Why so, Paddy?"

"Because we might have known that the old rooster would have made us trouble."

"But how could I help it?"

"Well, perhaps you couldn't, but if you had only known as much as you know now, you could have tripped up the whole thing by denying all about it."

"Yes, so I could. I could have laughed at him, and told him Alice Harrison was only my stage name. But you see I am green in the ways of the world, and never thought about what the consequences might be. But you just wait until I am caught this way again," she added, stamping her pretty foot and clenching her little hands together.

"Suppose we skip," said Paddy.

"Do what?"

"Light out."

"Yes, led's lighd oud," chimed Fritz.

"You mean run away?"

"Certainly. Perhaps he won't follow us."

"And perhaps he will."

"That will never do," said the lawyer.

"She is under arrest on a civil process, and any attempt at running away would subject both you and her to imprisonment. No; you had better stand trial, and if he beats you and takes her away, you will have an action for damages against him."

The lawyer, true to the instincts of his profession, saw a chance for more work and a larger fee, and so he showed them what could be done under certain circumstances, much as the spider showed the fly the same thing.

"Well, let us wait, at all events, and see how the affair turns out," said Alice.

With moody faces the three returned to the hotel to wait the opening of the Court. The old musician, Colio, was getting very anxious. He could not see, but his keen sense of hearing told him that there was trouble in store for the troupe, and on learning what it was, the old man betrayed much emotion.

"I suppose this ends my engagement," said he.

"I am afraid so. It depends altogether upon the ruling of the Court," said Paddy.

"I somehow feel that she is going to be taken away from us," said the old man. "But I'll tell you what you had better do: go quietly to New York and get some one to take her place."

"Nod much. If Allie don'd go, I go me vod," said Fritz, with spirit.

"But look at the money you can make."

"That's so, Fritz," said Paddy.

"I care me nod dot for der money," he said, snapping his fingers. "If Allie go nod, I go me back to Vashington Marked."

"Are you sweet on Allie?" asked Paddy, with a smile.

"All righd, I go me back, if Allie don't go along mid us."

Paddy knew his partner well enough to feel sure that he would do exactly as he said.

He had noticed for a long time that Fritz was taken with the bright, sprightly girl with whom they were associated, and his resolution on his part made him take a still more gloomy view of the situation.

But, after all, as Alice had said, it might turn out all right, and everything be lovely. So he curbed his feelings and waited the hour of the trial.

It came.

George Underwood was armed with evidence to show his wealth and standing in society, and then the question came directly before the Court.

Alice was examined, after Underwood had given his testimony, and had to admit that the story she had told him regarding the names of her parents was true, and all unknown to them Auntie Monks had been summoned from Yonkers to confirm her story.

In vain the lawyer employed by Fritz tried to show that the old colored woman was the natural or appointed guardian of Alice; the old woman did not understand the case well enough to equivocate in Alice's behalf, and was too conscientious to speak anything but the truth.

The upshot of the examination was, that Alice was remanded to the care of George Underwood during her minority, in lieu of being committed to a reformatory institution as a wayward minor.

Underwood was instructed how to proceed to obtain a completion of his legal authority, and the case was finished.

The Court called Alice for a private conference, and informed her that she must go with and obey Mr. Underwood as she would her natural parent, and pointed out to her the folly of attempting any resistance.

This he showed her, and then he drew a vivid picture of what awaited her in a home of luxury and wealth as contrasted with the wandering life she was now leading.

"How long can he keep me?" she asked.

"Until you are twenty-one years of age."

"Unless in the meantime it can be proven that he is not a fit guardian for her," put in her lawyer, who had been listening to the conversation.

"Yes, you are right. But Mr. Underwood appears to be all that is noble and refined, and I have no doubt that he will be a kind guardian, and surround her with all that wealth and love can buy. That's all."

Alice turned from the judge to meet her companions.

George Underwood was standing behind her, and extended both hands to receive her.

But she withdrew from him and rushed over to where Fritz stood with tears in his eyes.

"Allie!" he murmured.

"Fritz!" she exclaimed, and in an instant they were locked in each other's embrace.

Paddy O'Dowd approached them, while all eyes were centered upon the group.

"Allie, must you go?" he asked.

"The judge says I must, or he will lock me up."

"By jingo, bud dis is doo much. I say, Judge, how much vill it cosd do pud a big head on dot man?" he asked, pointing to Underwood.

"Order in Court!" shouted a deputy sheriff.

"I vill give von hundred dollar do blay mid dot man five minudes!" yelled Fritz.

"Be quiet, sir, or you will be arrested for contempt of court," said the judge.

"Be quiet, Fritz, for heaven's sake," said Alice, trying to soothe our irate Dutch friend.

"Clear the court-room!" yelled the officer, and with bowed heads but fiery hearts the three friends passed out of the room, followed by Underwood and a deputy sheriff.

With Paddy on one side and Fritz on the other, Alice walked from the Court over to the hotel where she was stopping.

A curious crowd followed, for the fame of the sprightly young actress was in all mouths, and this only added fuel, and made every one curious to see the girl who had fled from her home, as rumor had it, to join her fortunes with a band of showmen.

Paddy O'Dowd was discouraged, and Dot Boy Fritz was nearly heart-broken at the result of the examination, and Alice herself wept tears of passion, sorrow, and regret.

But there was no help for it.

The man whom the law had recognized as the rightful guardian was close behind, supported by an officer, whose duty it was to see that the decrees of the Court were carried out.

Auntie Monks could scarcely understand it. She recognized the fact of Underwood's being Alice's uncle, and that he was a wealthy bachelor who could give her a good home, and undoubtedly make her his heir, but why she should object to such a windfall of good fortune, was more than she could comprehend.

So far as she was herself concerned, she rather liked the idea, for it would locate Alice

quite near to her, and thus relieve her of much anxiety.

"Dot saddles id," said Fritz, mournfully, after they had talked the matter over.

"Oh, but isn't it too bad? Only think how well we were getting along together: how we liked each other and the business, and how much money we were making," moaned Alice.

"Und you vill forged all about is now," put in Fritz.

"Forget you, Fritz?—forget Paddy? Not while there is a breath of life in my body. This will not always last, and then we will be together again."

"Oh, Allie, I fear me nod."

"You do not doubt me, Fritz?" she asked, taking him earnestly by the hand.

"No, but I fear me dot id will all be played out ven you becomes a rich girl, und—und"—

"Don't you believe it, Fritz. Come and see me whenever you are near here, will you!"

"Yaw, for I shall be near you all der dime."

"What. Arn't you and Paddy going to keep right on?"

"Nod much."

"No, he swears he will not go any further if you leave us," said Paddy.

"Oh, yes, you will, Fritz," she said.

Alice and Fritz exchanged glances, and girl though she was, she comprehended the fact that Fritz loved her, and for that reason would remain near her.

"All right, Fritz; the idea is not distasteful to me; but you know I think a great deal of Paddy—what is to become of him?"

Fritz shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"Perhaps he will think differently about it after awhile," said Paddy, half aside to her.

"Oh, what a shame it is—but I say, Paddy, I'll bet you'll make him wish that he had let me alone."

"Und if you vand some helb, I am on hant efery dime."

"Yes, yes, but don't say anything more about it now. Write to me and I will write to you. Now, good-by," she added, extending a hand to each.

"Allie, ask him if he von'd led up on you a liddle bid," suggested Fritz, glancing over to where Underwood stood talking with the landlord of the hotel, to whom he was giving the story.

She was lost a moment in thought, and then going over toward Underwood, she beckoned him aside.

"What is it, my dear child?" he asked earnestly.

"Now, please don't take me home with you—let me go along with my friends; please do," she said.

"No, no, my child, I cannot consent to it under any consideration. You must return with me and give up these questionable associations."

"Will nothing move you?"

"Nothing."

She gave him a look, as she turned away to communicate the result of her appeal to her friends, which made him start.

The effort was in vain, and at five o'clock she parted with Fritz and Paddy at the depot, and tearfully entered the car which was to bear her away to—what she knew not.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER STRANGE CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

TRUE to his word, "Dot Boy Fritz" refused to continue in the business without Alice Harrison, and as the company was hardly extensive enough to get along in his absence, the whole party returned to New York the next day, with money, it is true, but thrown upon the world of chance again, to get along as best they might.

In parting with Colio, the old blind harpist, who had rendered them so much valuable assistance, Paddy expressed himself in terms of deepest sorrow and regret; but taking his address, he assured him that the time was not

far distant when his services would again be demanded, and so they parted.

As for Fritz, he was moody and silent, and nothing that Paddy could say or do could induce him to begin. He was desperately in love, that was plain; but he refused to say what his intentions were regarding the future.

Although our young fakers had been gone from the city only a short time, they had become so much changed, that scarcely any one knew them. With fashionable clothing, and plenty of money, they passed unrecognized among those who formerly knew them well.

But let us leave them awhile, and turn to our heroine in her new home.

If George Underwood was a villain, he was an oily and a philosophic one. He took Alice to his beautiful summer residence at Tarrytown, and then installed her as his niece and the mistress of the situation. All that money and polite attention could do to make her contented and reconciled to her new lot was promptly done.

The story of her life was kept in the background, and only a few ever knew that she had been raised to her present station from one of comparative great poverty.

At first she refused to be comforted, but the novelty and grandeur of the situation soon won upon her, and she almost thought she could be contented, but after making herself believe for a few moments that she could forget her friends, and the delights they had introduced her to, she would pine for them and meditate escape.

This, however, might have worn away in time, had she not overheard a conversation between Underwood and his friend, one Frank Boxley. This Boxley was a cold, hard-featured man, about thirty-five years of age, loudly and stylishly dressed, and his face bore marks of much dissipation and hard contact with the world.

What the power was which he held over Underwood no one knew, but every one wondered what it could be. He quartered himself upon him, both at the city and in his country house on the Hudson; used his money and horses as though they were his own, and even more recklessly, for he would have been more careful with both had they belonged to him. Underwood seemed to be a man of culture, travel and refinement, and this caused everybody to wonder why he could associate so closely with a man whose every instinct showed him to be a ruffian.

Alice Harrison took a most decided prejudice against him from the first, and she felt a thrill of indescribable dread go over her whole frame whenever he approached and tried to become familiar with her.

He had tried several times to get her to go out for a drive with him, but she refused with so much spirit that he was for once in his life nonplussed. But still he persisted in thrusting his attentions upon her, which caused her to complain to Mr. Underwood.

But he tried to convince her that Boxley was only a trifle uncultured, a rough diamond, a man of great worth and wealth, at the same time assuring her that nothing would afford him more pleasure than to see her on terms of friendship with him; this, of course, she positively refused to do, and it was this refusal which brought up the conversation alluded to, and which she overheard.

The two men had been playing a game of billiards in the private billiard room, and had rested and were seated near an open window that was nearly hidden with flowering vines. Alice was in the garden below.

"And so the little devil refuses to have anything to do with me, does she?" asked Boxley.

"She does. She seems to hate you," replied Underwood.

"Hate me, ha? But I suppose she loves you," he said with bitter emphasis.

"But little if any better, I guess, than she does you."

"Hates me," he mused. "Just like her mother, by —," he said with a harsh oath.

"But I have done all I can to win her over."

"We shall see whether you have or not. As I told you before, I loved her mother with all the intensity of a fierce boy's love, but she treated me just as the daughter does, and threw herself into young Harrison's arms. For this I swore to be revenged. But when he struck me in the face for daring to look upon her, then my hate was doubled. You know whether I was revenged on him or not. But my mingled love and hate for the mother pursues the daughter. For years I lost all track of her, then chance told me that she was located near here. I followed and found you also. She was yet a child, and I could afford to wait. The kaleidoscope changed again, and before I was aware of it she leaped upon the stage, a beautiful woman and a charming actress. The rest you know. She is now in my power. You are her legal guardian, which is the same to all intents and purposes as though I was. If she holds out against me much longer, by Heaven I will force her into a situation where she dare not scorn or refuse me."

"But don't be so hasty. We may win her fairly yet," said Underwood, looking nervously around, as though fearful that he had been overheard.

"I don't believe it. She is just like her mother, and I have cursed myself a thousand times that I had not used physical strength on her when persuasion failed. You understand our relations, but I would willingly vacate the power I have over you to be revenged in this."

"But exposure might follow."

"Nonsense! Shut her up in one of those upper rooms, and I will answer for what follows."

"Oh, Frank, this seems dreadful! only think of it."

"I have thought of it, and it fires my blood. The little devil is undoubtedly in love with one of those strolling players, just as her mother was with her father, and what is done must be done quickly."

"Give me a week longer."

"All right; but if she escapes in the meantime beyond recovery, I will denounce you to the world as the murderer of her father."

"Hush! what was that?" asked Underwood, turning pale, and glancing nervously around.

"I heard nothing."

"The truth was, Alice had uttered a little involuntary scream when she heard the above, and this is what startled Underwood."

"Oh! don't speak so loud. Some one might overhear us, don't you know? For God's sake, why do you speak of me as his murderer?" he asked in a lower key.

"Well, aren't you?"

"At your solicitation."

"Mine?"

"Yes, I mistook him for another, or rather you pointed him out to me as the man who had so greatly wronged me, and"—

"You stabbed him from behind. Ha, ha, ha!"

"But why bring that up at this late day? I will do all I can for you in this matter, and why should not that suffice?"

"You will, but you seem so chicken-hearted."

"Well, but how much better to accomplish it in a quiet way. You are just as reckless as you used to be in California. Do have patience. There is no use of being so rough, and accusing me so loudly of crimes when you are equally guilty as others."

"It is false."

"It is?"

"At least it cannot be proven."

"How about the records of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, if they could be produced?"

"Bah! let us hear no more of this. At all events, I have not changed my name, as you have," sneered Boxley.

"What nonsense," replied the cowardly Underwood, "for two friends to fall out in this way, when both must fall if either does. Wait a week and see what it will bring forth."

"All right, but remember that I am terribly in earnest in the meantime."

"I shall remember."

At this point the two men withdrew from the window, and Alice, trembling in every limb, started from her place of concealment, and walked to another part of the garden.

Almost falling upon a seat she remained there several minutes before she could collect her thoughts.

What a revelation for a girl of her age, who had never come in contact with the tragic side of life.

She saw it all now; saw through the dastardly plot to ruin her for revenge. What should she do? Denounce them to the world as murderers? They were two to one against her, and a motive for the denunciation could be easily shown.

What else? Remain in the face of such danger? No. Safety by flight was all the chance fate had left her. Oh, that terrible, terrible revelation!

As her thoughts came back to her, she remembered that her father died very suddenly in California; but if Aunty Monks and others of her family ever knew of this tragedy, it had been kept from both her and her sister until now.

She meditated on her situation until the sun had gone down behind the distant hills that verge the beautiful river, and then she rose and went to her room. On a plea of sickness she did not go down to supper, but throwing herself upon the bed, she wept until long after darkness had settled upon the land.

Then she got up refreshed, and resolved, that that night she would steal from the house, and die before she would return to it.

Carefully she made preparations. Dressing herself with a wrapper over her walking dress, so that if seen she would not arouse suspicion, and throwing her hat out of the window into the shrubbery, where she could recover it without being observed.

Waiting until about nine o'clock she walked out bareheaded upon the piazza, up and down which she walked with nervous steps. The moon had risen, and was lighting up the earth with a silver halo. The servants were at the back of the house, while Boxley and Underwood were up in the cupola, engaged in earnest conversation, undoubtedly regarding her fate.

The grounds were large and beautiful, surrounding the house, and the walks were lined with beautiful flowers, and shaded with noble trees. The moonlight clearly defined the path, but would it not reveal her to her enemies in the cupola? She could but venture, and trust in heaven for success.

Going round under her window she secured her hat, and with loudly beating heart, started to reach the main path leading down to the front gate.

It was with the greatest effort that she appeared calm, and as if only out for a stroll in the cool evening air. But little by little she neared the gate, and as she stood with her hand on the latch, she glanced furtively around to see if she was being followed or had been observed.

All was silent. Summoning all her strength, she threw open the gate, and was about to pass out, when the herculean form of a man stepped in front of her and seized her by the arm.

"You cannot go, Miss."

"Who says so?" she asked, hardly able to raise her voice above a whisper.

"I am the watchman of these grounds, and have strict orders to prevent you from leaving them alone, and I shall do it," replied the man, forcing her back inside the gate.

"Oh, Fritz, Fritz! where are you?" she screamed.

"Here, Alice," said a voice, and in an instant the stalwart watchman lay sprawling upon the ground, and two youths stood over him.

CHAPTER XIII.

ESCAPE AND SENSATION.

"GAG him now and tie his legs!" whispered Paddy O'Dowd, for he it was who accompanied Dot Boy Fritz.

"All right."

"Oh, boys, be careful," whispered Alice Harrison.

"Oh, yes, that's just what we're going to be," said Paddy,

tying the fifth knot of a strong cord which he had wound around the prostrate watchman's legs.

"Let us run away and not hurt him," said Alice, anxious to escape.

"What, and leave him to follow? Not much. We have been watching this duffer for three days, and we are fixed for him."

While this was being said, Fritz had tied the man's arms behind him securely, and then they gaged him by tying a handkerchief over and in his mouth, and fastened it securely behind his head.

"Now, let us skib," said Fritz.

"Yes, quick! Come."

Without a moment's loss of time the three started down the street as fast as they could go, glancing behind every now and then to see if they were pursued.

But the burly, cowardly watchman had been too securely bound to escape, if he wanted to, which he did not.

He was one of those bullies who could abuse a woman or a child, but who quake like donkeys before anything that looks like a man.

He was not wholly unconscious of what was being done to him, but he knew that he had two strong, lively fellows to contend with, and he also knew that his being found bound and gagged would excuse him for allowing her to escape, especially when he could tell the story to suit himself.

Turning down the first street they came to, their way lay down quite a steep road which led to the lower portion of the village, that part skirting the river and railroad.

"Hold on. There is no need of going on so fast," said Paddy.

"Oh, yes. They may follow us," said Alice.

"Und if dey do we make some holes in dem dat is more as skin deep," said Fritz.

"Oh, if I only had my boy's suit on."

"Never fear; you shall not be harmed."

"I guess so nod," said Fritz, placing her arm within his own in a very reassuring way.

"We have things all fixed, Allie," said Paddy, taking the other arm.

Thus locked they continued on at a more comfortable pace, and Alice began to have hope.

"Where are you going, Fritz?" she asked.

"Ni Yorick, I bade you."

"But there are neither cars nor boats running at this time of night, surely."

"No; but horses run all times of night," said Paddy.

"Oh, if we only can escape!"

"And we will."

"I bade you sdamps ve vill, Allie."

"But how did all this come about? How happened you to be in waiting?" she asked, turning from one to another.

"Well, I will tell you all about it presently. Fritz has been watching around here for a week or more, and I came up here to-night to help him."

"Help him how?"

"We were going to bind and gag the watchman, and thus effect your escape after everybody had gone to bed."

"Oh, Fritz, you are a regular hero," said she, pressing his arm closer to her.

"Und you are a shero, Allie," he replied in a whisper, which made her laugh for the first time in a great many days.

"Oh, but I have so much to tell you both. But wasn't it fortunate that I escaped just as I did. Oh, it is dreadful."

"Did dey abuse you, Allie?" asked Fritz.

"No; but they were going to. I overheard the whole plot. Mr. Underwood is not my uncle."

"By jinks, I doughd so already."

"They are murderers."

"I dink me yaw."

"Oh, I have such a story to tell you," she said, becoming excited, as she called the affair to mind.

"Well, wait until by and by. Here is the stable," said Paddy, leaving them and going into a livery stable on the opposite side of the way.

In about ten minutes a pair of fleet horses were harnessed to a carriage, into which our friends got, and the driver started towards New York.

With a sigh of relief, Alice glanced behind as they were leaving the village, and assured herself by the light of the moon that they were not being pursued.

It was some time, however, before she felt at ease, and sufficiently composed to relate her experience. But when she had done so, it had an effect upon her friends quite contrary to what she had expected.

Her idea was a peaceful one, and her only object was to escape from these bad men who held her a prisoner. But Paddy O'Dowd and Dot Boy Fritz were for denouncing them to the law.

"But only think of it, boys?" said she.

"If you have them arrested, it will bring me before the public as a witness."

"Well, there is nothing disreputable about that. Besides, it will be just so much advertising. See?"

"I dink me, by jinks, dot I have a bedder way as dot."

"What is that, Fritz?" asked Paddy.

"Make dem buck mid themselves."

"What?" they both asked.

"Let dem go fighding mid each odder."

"Ah, yes, I understand. And I think Fritz is right. Underwood is afraid of his life of Boxley, so much so, I guess, that he has changed his name. What his real name is, I could not find out, but as near as I could learn, they were both mixed up in several murders in California; Boxley is a natural rough, and is satisfied to have escaped the law there; while Underwood is more timid, and changed his name. I think that Fritz is right, and that they would destroy and bring each other to justice, if they were only started right."

"Perhaps. But I wonder where they got their money."

"Boxley has none. He has been living on Underwood, and living like a lord, for years past. Underwood, or whatever his name is, made his money by selling out a lucky mine which he located somewhere out there."

"All right. We will consult a lawyer and see what he says about it."

"No, no. Don't do it, Paddy."

"No; I doles you some more dings about dot," said Fritz, again breaking in.

It was evident enough that he wished to shield Alice from unwholesome notoriety, while Paddy O'Dowd, who was more of a business man, in all that the term implies, saw not only a way to justice, but a way to get a large amount of gratuitous advertising. Paddy was a financier, and Fritz was a lover. That was the difference.

"Well, what is it, old man?"

"We go mid Ni Yorick"—

"Say New York, Fritz," whispered Alice.

"All righd, New Yorick," he repeated.

"That is better."

"Good enough. We go do New Yorick."

"Yes, and we are just spanking along too. Here we are at Yonkers, I believe. Isn't this Yonkers, driver!"

"Yes, we are entering Yonkers," replied the driver, giving his horses another touch with his whip."

"Oh, how I should like to call on Auntie Monks," said Alice.

"Well, we can, but not to stay."

"No; only to tell her how matters stand."

"All right; I will tell the driver where to go."

Paddy gave him the directions, and again sat back into his seat.

"Oh, you are two of the jolliest, noblest, bravest fellows in the world I know," said she, turning from one to the other.

Fritz wished that he could have taken all that compliment to himself.

"Oh, but won't aunty be surprised to see us,"

The boys both laughed as they contemplated the old woman's confusion.

"But what was it you were going to say, Fritz?" she asked, remembering the original subject of conversation.

"Yes, old pard, what was it?" put in Paddy.

"Vell, it was chusd like dis. Ven Alice gid her do Ni—New Yorick, she send a ledder do dot Blunderwood"—

"Underwood," said Alice, correcting him.

"Donderwood!"

"Underwood."

"Lunderwood, all right."

"Never mind, Alice, he is only chaffing."

"Well, go ahead, Fritz; I shall write him a letter"—

"Und dell him dot you overheard all about id, and uoc u he make some more droubles for you, dot you will unkspose him."

"Unkspose! Ha! ha! ha! Good enough," laughed Paddy.

"Expose," said Alice.

"Yaw, uxpose."

"Once more. Say, yes, expose."

"Yaw, expose," repeated Fritz, coloring deeply.

"That is better. I am going to rub off some of that broken English of yours, Fritz; needn't I?"

"You can rub my nose off if you like," said he, and there was a pathos in his words which told that he meant what he said.

"It is first rate on the stage. I want you to be able to converse with the best," said she, speaking aside to him.

Fritz was flattered, and inwardly resolved to foreswear anything that resembled Fatherland for her sake.

"Well, I like Fritz's idea first rate," said she, and I am sure it will work to a charm."

"So do I. All right; try it," said Paddy.

By this time they had reached the vicinity of Miss Harrison's old home. The driver went with his horses as far as he could, and then all three alighted and walked towards the humble cot of Auntie Monks.

It was nearly midnight, and the town was asleep.

The moon was high overhead and pouring down her silvery splendor upon the scene.

In single file they walked along until the little gate was reached, and Alice entered and knocked on the window loudly to awaken her old friend.

This knocking had to be repeated several times, and several degrees louder before it had the desired effect.

"Who—who dar?" they finally heard from within.

"Come and see," said Alice, merrily.

"Who dar knockin' at my window, I say?" they heard again from the old woman.

"Open the door, aunty."

"No yer don't. Can't come knockin' roun' my house at dis time o' night. Don't know yer. Go 'way dar."

"Aunty Monks, open the door. It's me—Alice."

"Go 'way from dar, I tole yer. Go 'way, or I'll shoot yer wid dis yer old shotgun."

The old woman was not for believing that anybody with honest intentions was calling her, and evidently feared to open the door or even look out from behind the curtain of her little window.

"Go 'way I tole yer. Coming 'roun' 'sturbin' honest people twelve o'clock ter night. Wha' yer want, anyhow?"

"I want to see you, aunty. It's me—Alice. Open the door."

"Go 'way wid yer foolin'. Yer ain't no Alie."

"Just look out of the window and see."

"No yer don't. Want to shoot me, I s'pose."

"No, no; it's me and the boys."

"Wall, who's me?"

"Why, your own Alice. Just look out?"

"I'll look at yer soon's I can fin' a cap for dis yer gun. Aren' gwine ter hab my head blowed off, not 'f I can get de fus' shot, you bet."

"Howly murther! she's going to pepper us," said Paddy, laughing.

"Oh, no, if she will only look out, it will be all right. She is dreadful afraid of robbers," said Alice.

At that moment they heard the bolt of the door fly back, and the next instant Auntie Monks appeared at the opening in

her long white night-gown and night-cap, holding the old gun in her hand, cocked and all ready for action.

"Now who dar, who dar?" she demanded savagely, at the same time covering the party with the gun.

"Why, it's me, Auntie Monks. Don't you know me?"

"Wha—wha—dat you, Allie?" she asked, setting down the gun.

"To be sure it is," said Alice, springing toward her.

"Hole on, chile, hole on!" she said, motioning her away.

"What's the matter, aunty?"

"Hole on dar, chile. I want ter see 'yer flesh an' blood."

"Why, of course I am. And here is Fritz and Paddy. We are all flesh and blood."

"Golfuchus!" she exclaimed, as the truth gradually dawned upon her. "Whar—whar yer come from?"

"From Tarrytown in a carriage that is waiting out here. But come in and I will tell you all about it."

"Neber hear nuffin like it in all my born days. What am de matter wid yer, chile?"

"I am running away from those horrid men."

"Yer uncle George."

"He is not my uncle, aunty, he's a fraud, and is living under an assumed name that only happens to be the same as that of my uncle."

"Wha—wha's been de matter, Alice?"

"They only got possession of me to abuse me."

"Foe de Lor', chile, I dream de odder night dat you war in danger wid dat yer man."

"And so I was, but Fritz and Paddy rescued me, and we are on the way to New York."

"De good Lor' bress us! Wha heap o' devil dar is in dis yer wicked world. But wha yer want to go to New York for? Stay here wid yer old mudder."

"That would be unsafe, as they will doubtless come here to find me. If they do, you must know nothing about me, do you understand?"

"Oh, certain, I'd go ter bed an' make myself believe dat dis yer war all a dream."

"That's it. But I thought I must come and see you so you would not be worried."

"De Lor' bress yer, ye dear good chile; ob cose yer had ter come un see yer ole mudder," said she, folding the girl in her strong embrace.

"But I will come and see you before long."

"Dats right good ob ye, Allie."

"We must go now. Don't be worried."

"No, ve vill dake plenty good care of her, you bed," said Fritz, approaching and taking part in the conversation.

"De Lor' bress yer boff for bein' good to Allie," said the old woman, stretching her hands out over Fritz and Paddy.

"Thanks. But we had better be going, Alice."

"Yes. Good-by, aunty. I'll see you before long and tell you all about it. Good-by."

"Good-by, chile," said the old woman, taking the girl's pretty head between her huge hands and giving her a kiss.

In a few minutes, they were all seated in the carriage again, and were speeding along towards their destination at a rapid pace.

Arriving in New York, they were driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where they obtained rooms, and the driver was rewarded and discharged.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EFFECT OF ALICE HARRISON'S LETTER.

THE watchman whom Paddy and Fritz bound and gagged while rescuing Alice, remained so until next morning, and in a very uncomfortable position. They had secured him quite effectually, for although he wished to remain bound until he was found by some of the household, in order that the escape of Miss Harrison might have more coloring, yet he would gladly have made his condition somewhat better than it was, had it been possible for him to do so.

About sunrise the next morning Underwood went out for his accustomed walk, and came upon the helpless wretch.

Without loss of time he cut the cords which bound him, and then demanded an explanation. This he received in a very highly colored story.

"Last night while on watch I suddenly received a murderous blow from behind, and was instantly set upon by five men, who threw me down, bound and gagged me as you saw."

"Yes, but what for!" demanded Underwood.

"They came te rescue the young lady, your niece, sir."

"What is that? Is she gone?" he asked, with much excitement.

"Yes, sir; it was undoubtedly a put-up job, for as soon as they had me secured, the girl suddenly made her appearance, and they took her away in a carriage."

"Good God, what will become of me now. Come back to the house with me, and tell your story to Mr. Boxley," said he, starting towards the house.

The story was reported to Boxley, who had just risen, and he listened to it with a sneer.

"You will see that she is brought back, will you?" he asked, with a significant look.

"Certainly. If she can be found, she shall be brought back, you may believe," replied Underwood, meekly.

"Very well. Of course you remember our compact, regarding the length of time I was to wait?"

"I do, and it shall be no fault of mine if she is not returned to you. She was undoubtedly rescued by those showmen, and can easily be found."

"We shall see," said Boxley, waving him from the room as though he himself had been the master of the house.

Underwood retired like the cowardly cur that he was, and directed the watchman to go out and make inquiries in all directions, to see if a clue could be obtained.

Going himself to the depot, he took the first train down to Yonkers, in the hope of finding her at her old home. But all that he could get from Auntie Monks was, that she had a dream during the night, that Alice had escaped with her friends.

Although he could not make her admit that she had seen her, or knew where she was, it was quite evident that she knew something about it. As he was turning to go away, she called him.

"I say, boss, what's yer right name?"

"What—what is that you ask?" he said, turning very pale, and reaching for the fence for support.

"I only asked you what yer right name was," said the old woman, coming closer, and looking fiercely at him.

"I—I don't understand you, woman," he replied, turning and walking away.

"Guess you will 'stan' me one ob dese days, boss," she hollered after him, and he heard her muttering until he was several rods from the house.

"What did that question mean? Had he been betrayed by Boxley? He was certainly the only person who knew the truth. But why of all people in the world should this old negress know of it."

Underwood was not a coward by nature. He had been through many scenes of danger, and had deported himself bravely; but since he had become rich and was trying to make what amends he could for the past by living an honest man, and doing charitable acts, he had been fastened upon by the greater villain, Frank Boxley, and under him he had become a moral coward.

He reeled and staggered back to the depot. He was obliged to wait an hour before he could get a train to New York, and during the time he walked up and down the platform in great mental agitation.

Truly, he thought, there must be something in this, else why did that old woman glare at him so when she questioned him.

He took the next train for the city, but what for he could hardly tell.

His nerves had been completely shivered by that old woman's question, and he contemplated suicide quite as much as he did the recovery of Alice Harrison.

He even asked himself if the act of suicide would not be the best, if it was not the only way, to escape his trouble.

He arrived in the city, but took a carriage and rode to Central Park, through which he walked and meditated until nearly dark, suffering the torments of the damned all the while.

Then he rode back to the depot and took the cars for home, still undecided what to do, and dreading to meet his tormentor, Boxley.

As it happened, he was out driving when he returned, and after partaking of supper, he retired to the secrets of his own chamber.

That night he could not sleep; his imagination conjured up all sorts of ills which seemed about to overwhelm him, and he went out for his accustomed walk the next morning all unrefreshed and miserable.

He met Boxley at breakfast.

There was the look of a malignant devil on the man's face, but he did not speak for some moments.

Finally, after the servant had retired, he asked what news.

"I have not yet found her, but shall," said he.

"I doubt it."

Underwood looked at him and shuddered.

"Why?" he asked at length.

"I will tell you when the time is up."

"Have you ever told anybody that my name is not George Underwood?" he asked, breaking another painful silence.

"No, why?"

"Nothing, perhaps. But that old wench, who brought Alice from California, asked me boldly to-day what my right name was.

"What is that?" asked Boxley, laying down his knife and fork, and looking at Underwood.

He repeated what he had said.

Boxley resumed his eating without making any reply, and for the next few minutes nothing was said. Then a servant came in and handed Underwood some letters.

Boxley paid no attention to him as he read his correspondence.

He appeared to be engrossed with thought, but presently he opened one letter which caused him to start and utter an exclamation.

Boxley looked up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A letter from Alice Harrison."

"The devil! Read it."

At that moment the attendant entered for something, but Underwood motioned her away, and when they were alone he began to read the letter.

It began thus:

"SIR: I have to tell you of my safe arrival in this city, and also must inform you that I shall never return again to your house. And if you have any intention of following me for the purpose of recovery, let me warn you that I overheard the conversation between you and Boxley, while seated near the window of the billiard hall, the other day, and that I know you are not only my uncle, but you are not George Underwood."

At this point the letter fell from his trembling hand, and Boxley took it up and finished the reading.

"I know that you are the murderer of my father, and that evidence can be procured sufficient to hang that still blacker scoundrel, Frank Boxley. I have placed this testimony in the hands of the authorities, and justice, I hope, will overtake you both.

"ALICE HARRISON."

For a moment both men glared at each other in silence. Boxley was flushed, but Underwood was as pale as the napkin under his chin.

"That settles it," said Boxley, at length.

"How?"

"I'm off. Raise me five thousand dollars within an hour," said he, getting up from the table.

"Are you going?"

"I am, within two hours at furthest. It is getting too

warm in this part of the country. Damn that little witch, I'll be even with her yet. But hurry up, and get me the money; five thousand," said he, going from the room.

Underwood sat for some moments in a semi-stupor. But the idea of ridding himself of Boxley, even had he demanded ten thousand dollars, nerved him for exertions.

Going at once to the bank where he had money on deposit, he drew the five thousand dollars, and returned with it to his house. Here he found Boxley with his trunks packed and loaded upon a carriage, which he had ordered to take him and them to the depot.

Underwood handed him the money, and he ran it over carelessly and then thrust it into his pocket without a word of comment, after which he was driven to the station. He did not even bid Underwood good-by. He seemed determined to get out of the way in the shortest time possible without any waste of sentiment.

Once more left alone, George Underwood gave himself up to the wildest remorse. He retired to the privacy of his own chamber, where he proceeded to write his will, conveying his fortune to several charitable institutions, and giving five thousand dollars to Alice Harrison.

Then he sent for a notary public and witnesses, and signed the document in due form. This was deposited with the notary to be handed to the president of the bank where he had money on deposit, as he was one of the executors.

His next move was to pay his servants and make them various presents of his personal property, and this occupied the most of the day.

That night he retired to his chamber, leaving his servants to wonder what it was that had got into their master, as they had never heard of such reckless generosity before in their lives.

But while they were speculating upon the probable meaning of it all, the report of a pistol was heard, and they all gathered around the door of Underwood's chamber.

They rapped, but there was no response. Then they broke open the door and beheld their master stretched upon his bed, a corpse. Here was a solution to the mystery of his strange generosity.

George Underwood died with his secret locked in his breast; who he was and what he had done, beyond the little that Alice overheard, will probably never be known. He died, making all the amends in his power.

* * * * *

It was not long before the news reached our young fakers, and although it shocked them somewhat, it broke the embargo which had been laid upon them. Once more they were free to take the road and continue in the career they had entered upon so gloriously.

Paddy O'Dowd at once took steps to put the company again upon the road. Alice Harrison returned to her old friend, Aunty Monks, in the meantime, while Fritz found Colio and engaged him to continue with them.

There was only one cloud in the sky of our heroine now, and that was the whereabouts and future conduct of Frank Boxley.

CHAPTER XV.

THE JOLLY YOUNG FAKERS AGAIN ON THE ROAD.

PADDY O'DOWD engaged a hall at Hudson, as he had started to do when interrupted by the events which have been described in preceding chapters.

Alice Harrison was with Aunty Monks, at Yonkers, and Dot Boy Fritz stopped there to take her along, leaving the old blind harpist and his boy, little Schnapps, to continue on to Hudson, having in the meantime got their baggage together, and had it properly checked.

With a glad heart Alice once more set out for a life upon the road in company with her friends. When the train arrived at Tarrytown, she shuddered and refused to look at the stately mansion which stood on the hill, plainly in sight from the cars, where she had suffered so much, and from which she escaped so fortunately.

Fritz was quite as busy with his thoughts of the beautiful Alice Harrison, as he was with thoughts of future business. She seemed to know that he loved her, but she was as yet too much of a girl to feel the passion herself, although she regarded him in the very highest light, which was certainly akin to love.

She was all life and animation, and as they rode along, she told him of a hundred and one ideas which she had about business for the future, while Fritz was all the while trying to get a chance and to get up the nerve to tell her how dearly he loved her.

She evidently understood this, and whenever he would approach dangerously near, she would turn the conversation so adroitly, that poor Fritz was obliged to smother his tender expressions, and confine them entirely to business. And yet, she found several opportunities to thank him for all he had done for her, and to assure him that she regarded him as the best friend she had in the world.

"Und dere is no odher chap dot you like bedder as me, Alice?" he asked, looking appealingly into her large dark eyes.

"No, Fritz, no one—of course I like Paddy O'Dowd. I think he is splendid," said she.

Fritz colored up and looked out of the window.

"But," she continued, "you know that I like you the best."

"Oh, by jinks, den dot is all righd—you know dot I"—

"Say, Fritz; write me a medley, will you?"

"If I can, I vill, certainly," replied Fritz, who was again turned from an expression of his sentiments.

"Of course you can. It's nothing. I can almost do it myself. All you want is to take parts of several songs, and dovetail them together in a nice way."

And so they chatted away until they arrived at Hudson, where they found Paddy in waiting for them, and the town thoroughly "billed." Athens, opposite, had also been levied upon, and quite a crowd was expected from that community of ice-houses.

After going to the hotel with their baggage, they went to the hall and had a rehearsal, for the time they had been separated demanded one, after which they busied themselves with preparations for the evening's performance.

During the afternoon Paddy telegraphed to Greenbush to secure a hall there, and then he made out a bill for the printer, and engaged a man to post them early the next day. The performance to be given the next evening thereafter.

That night the hall was moderately filled, for Hudson is not the liveliest show-town in the world, and as there had been a circus in the place a few days before, the inhabitants didn't appear to be hankering for amusement to any great extent, although there was a respectable margin after paying expenses.

The performance was quite as successful as were those they had given at other places, and every act was loudly encored several times. Alice and Fritz seemed to re-enter the business with greater spirit than ever before, although Paddy O'Dowd bore off some of the loudest honors of the evening with his banjo solos and negro acts.

Had they made calculations on doing so they might have given another entertainment at Hudson, for the next night was an off one. So after consulting with several people who had come over from Athens, they concluded to show there the next night.

Paddy, Fritz and the boy took some bills that were provided with blanks to fill out with the name of the town and hall, and went across to Athens that night, engaged a hall, filled out and posted their bills, and remained there all night.

The next day Fritz returned to Hudson and took Alice, the old harpist, and their baggage, and had things all arranged for the show that evening in good time.

On account of the good satisfaction given at Hudson, and the reputation which accompanied them, the hall was packed full, and one of the best entertainments given which had thus far distinguished the combination, and with nearly forty dollars apiece in each of their pockets, extra, they bid good-by to the little city under the hill, and started the next day for Greenbush.

Everything now seemed bright for the future. Not a cloud

dotted their horizon. Their entertainment gave entire satisfaction, and they were capable of adding to it or changing it whenever they liked. Money came pouring in upon them in emerald showers; they were young, talented and hopeful—why should not the future have looked bright to them?

But they were now approaching a large city, and it would have occasioned much anxiety in older and more experienced minds to think of going where much better entertainments had failed or met with but indifferent success, but the idea of failure seems never to have entered our heroes' minds.

Perhaps it was this very fact which gave them success, for sure it is they met with uncommon success in Greenbush, and the Albany papers spoke of the company in high terms.

The *Knickerbocker* pronounced it to be the freshest, most rollicking combination that had ever traveled through the country.

This, of course, gave them a good send off, and at the same time made each one think more of his and her abilities than ever.

It was now Saturday night, and the question was where they should go next.

Fritz never dreamed of performing at Albany, but Paddy had become so elated that he felt confidence enough to return to New York and open in the Academy of Music.

Fritz and Alice were going to Troy, and from there to Saratoga, taking a run through the less important towns and avoiding Albany for the present.

"I say, let us play in Albany," said Paddy.

They were stopping at Stanwix Hall Hotel, and he had no idea of backing down.

"For how long?" asked Fritz.

"Well, for three nights at least. I have been to see about the Opera House, and I find we can have it for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings."

Fritz shrugged his shoulders in a very French way for a German, but made no reply, while Alice looked from one to the other as if not quite understanding the proposition.

"What do you say, Colio?" asked Paddy, turning to the blind musician, who sat in the room with them listening to the conversation.

"I like your pluck, Master O'Dowd, and if we can get a flute and a violin, I don't see why we can't draw well here," said he.

"Oh we can easily get them."

"And Fritz has another new act for us," said Alice, putting in a word of encouragement.

"Dot is all righd, Paddy. If you say so I am dot kind of a hairpin vot sticks do you every dime," said Fritz, seeing that Alice was somewhat in favor of it.

"Good enough, old pard. We can't do worse than fail, and that's what our betters have often done."

So it was arranged, and the next day Paddy made all the arrangements, hired the Opera House, got out flaming posters, got the papers to publish complimentary notices, and in other ways managed to get up quite a sensation of expectancy over the "Great New York Combination."

Old Colio in the meantime had engaged a flute and violin, and was putting them through careful rehearsals, while Fritz and Alice were perfecting themselves in their new act and getting the necessary wardrobe.

Tuesday night came, and there was a very good house, although not a very profitable one, owing to the much larger expense they were under than when playing in a smaller place. But neither of the party appeared to care for that. They all felt that they were playing for reputation and precedent now, and money was a secondary consideration.

By this time they had got matters to such a state of perfection as regarded tickets, that neither Paddy nor Fritz had to pay personal attention to the selling or taking of them, and consequently they were enabled to attend more strictly to business.

According to the programme, Dot Boy Fritz opened the performance with a Dutch song. He sang one of those in which he made hits in other places, and it was received with much applause.

Paddy rushed up to him as he came off, and while the noise of the recall was ringing, he said:

"Go on, old man; the ice is broke. Give them your sardine-box next; that will be sure to fetch 'em."

Paddy was blacked up, and stood with his banjo in his hand urging Fritz, who really did not need any spur.

"Dot is all righd, Paddy, I'll do my besd level," said he, as he again went out before the audience.

"By Jove, but that Dutchman is a trump!" said he to Alice, who stood anxiously by.

"You are right, Paddy. He is comical in spite of himself. And how well Colio is doing to-night," she added.

"Yes; he is doing his proudest. You are next, Allie; song and dance."

"All right; I'm ready."

In the meantime Fritz was doing his "best level," and when he brought out his sardine-box, the house fairly roared. It was a hit of the warmest kind.

Again he was demanded, but he attempted to bow them into silence. This they would not have, and he marched down to the front, and delivered a speech so interspersed with nonsense and odd notions that the audience laughed and allowed him to retire.

Then Alice Harrison came out to make her first bow to a metropolitan audience.

Her bright, fresh face, her graceful and unstagey appearance, together with her pretty costume, which consisted of a short peasant's dress, with gaily striped stockings and gaiter boots, made a very favorable appearance the moment she entered.

She was slightly confused for a moment, but remembering that the eyes of her two friends were upon her more than the audience, she quickly recovered her composure, and her clear, rippling voice completed the conquest.

Her song and dance was a prime success, and she was loudly called for to repeat it. This she did, and when called for a second time she varied the performance by making her lips move as if singing; but in reality emitting no sound, and then dancing at the end of the verse as she had done before.

Paddy O'Dowd was now in order, and he walked upon the stage with his banjo and chair with the air of an old veteran. His was a good make-up, and it was evident that banjoes were favorites at Albany. By this time he had improved in his business so much that in his particular acts he was equal to any in the business.

He also enjoyed the pleasure of being called out twice, and thus far all three of them had made a hit before a critical audience.

The remainder of the programme was given with almost equal success, and at its finish Fritz came before the curtain and announced the next night's performance with the same speech he used at Poughkeepie, but considerably improved, and sent the audience away in the best of spirits.

Each seemed to appreciate the importance of the hit that had been made, and three happier people it would be hard to find than they were. Even Colio, after receiving a compliment from them, returned it with graceful interest in speaking of the entertainment they had given, and then he took his fellow-musicians out for refreshment.

In fact, neither of them seemed to realize how great a hit they had made, and when the papers came out the next morning, with highly complimentary notices of the entertainment, both Fritz and Alice were free to admit that Paddy was right in stopping at Albany.

The next day was spent in new preparations and rehearsing a double act between Alice and Fritz. The evening came and with it a still larger house than they had played before the evening previous. Dot Boy Fritz was in his element, and led off as before, but with a new song, written by himself, entitled

MYGEL SNYDER'S BARDY.

Mygel Snyder gave a bardy,
Last week at his house;
Of gourse I was invited
By a lady named Miss Krouse.

When I arrived at Mygel's,
Many beobles I saw dere;
Und if you'll only lisen
I vill dole you who dey vere.

SPOKEN.—Dere vas Miss Krouse, Mr. Bimble, Mrs. Lautenslayer, Misder Kansmyer, Mrs. Dinglebender, und udders too numerous to mention. Miss Krouse had her hair done up in scrambled eggs, and den she vore a blain corded bed-dick dress. Young Bumblestim had on a new second-hand swallow-head coad, und den he had a vatch chain dot reach around his neck und down to his knees, und he feel bigger as de man dot give der barby. Den de subber dable vas loaded and groaning mid all de indelicacies. Der vas beanuds, red-herrings, boddles of green seal soda vater, und dings like dot. Den der vas nice dances, valtzes, polkas, les lunches, squadrills, succatoshes, und odder dings vod got huggin pardners in dem. Dem ve blayed some games, called bussin shoes, bost office, Crookenhagen, blind man up to snuff, und all like dot. Den a man god up to make a speech; he said: "I am here!" In about dree minutes he wasn't der. He vas drunk and der gommittee chucked him oud of a dree story vindow. But you would got tired if I told you everyding now, so I vill simply say—

CHORUS.

Oh, vot lods of fun,
Oh, vot lods of fun,
Dancing, singing all de dime,
Drinking lager beer und vine;
Oh, vot lods of fun,
Oh, vot lods of fun,
At dot bardy down in Mygel Snyder's.

Ven sutber it was ready,
Und I sod me down to ead,
Dere vos dripe, und cake, und onions,
Und potatoes, und pigs' feet;
Ve all ead very hardy,
But Miss Krouse got very sick;
Ve call de doctor, und he say,
She had de collierick.

SPOKEN.—Yaw, und he say dot she god id drying do ead a mince pie mit a gouble of dooth brushes in id. Vell, ve send her home, und den dere vos singing. Von young man he sung a song like dis—"He flies drough de air mit a mouthful of cheese; he vas a young man vat chewed a flying drapeze." Den dey asked me for to sing, und ven I got ub it vas so still you could hear a house fall down. I sang dat song about "Mary had a liddle ram, its vool vos all over vite—" und some one yelled oud: "Give us a rest." I dold dem dot I didn't know de rest, und anodher chap dold me to dake a dumble; but as I didn't understand Latin I didn't know vat he vas talking about. So I got mad and vent me home right away. But I couldn't help saying to mineself:

Oh, vot lots of fun, &c.

Miss Krouse who vas so sick dot nide,
I vent to see next day;
I bobbed de question, for I found
I loved her righd away;
I married her soon after dot,
I'm as habby as I can be,
Und ve got a little baby now,
Vich I dance on my knee.

SPOKEN.—I've got de nicest liddle baby vot you ever seen, a nice liddle ding about as big as a bollony. Got a nose on him like a vart, und a head about as big as a billiard ball. De baby is youst old enough to greep on de floor, und eat garpet tacks, hairpins, und odder infantile delicacies. Id's a nice ding being a fadder, especially gedding up on a cold vinter's nide, und bouring oud baregoric in a deaspoon by moonlight. Id's nice to dink dot de baby vos going to grow up, und have mumbs, measels, cholera infindum, jim-jams, und dings like dat to dake away a man's money vat he has laid away for a new suit of clodhes. Vell, id all gomes from going to dot bardy. But I don't blame anybody. Id vas nice, I bade you, und ven I dink of it, I say:

CHORUS.

Oh, vot lods of fun,
 Oh, vot lods of fun;
 Dancing, singing all de dime,
 Drinking lager beer und vine;
 Oh, vot lods of fun,
 Oh, vot lods of fun,
 At dot bardy down at Mygel Snyder's.

CHAPTER XVI.

FUN AND WILD ADVENTURE.

NOTHING could be more successful than were the three nights in Albany.

There was something about our friends which charmed the people who came to see them, and the entertainment was so thoroughly good that they appeared to forget that the "combination" consisted of but four or five people, if indeed the majority of them ever suspected it.

After finishing there, Paddy gave Alice and Fritz two hundred dollars apiece, this being about their share after expenses were paid, and they both made additions to their stage and street costumes, as they would soon be at Saratoga, the great fashionable resort, where they would attract the opposite attention from what they desired were they not up to the standard in dress.

Even old Colio and his boy, Little Schnapps, came out in new clothes and were smiling and happy.

This little boy had grown to be quite a favorite with the company and the public, having improved rapidly under the care of Alice and Fritz, and now with his new clothes and improved appearance he attracted much attention everywhere.

Paddy had continued to employ the man he had hired at Hudson, having found him useful, honest and energetic.

Through him the Troy Opera House had been engaged for the first two nights of the following week, giving all hands plenty of time to rest and fit themselves for future work.

As they were about leaving Albany they fell in with a portion of a disbanded company of minstrels, and they were very anxious to join their fortunes with the "combination," but Paddy declined, believing that if they could hold three good audiences in Albany they needed no further strength for smaller cities.

Success also attended them at Troy, and from there they went directly to Saratoga, having engaged the Opera House of the Grand Union Hotel.

This allowed them two days to look around and see the sights of this famous resort.

It was a rare treat for them all, for neither of them had ever more than dreamed or read of the beauties and attractions of the place.

On their arrival there Alice was left to dress and get her bearings in the social and fashionable deluge, while Paddy and Fritz walked out to visit the springs they had heard so much about.

The first one they visited was the "Congress." The attendant plunged his dipper down into the spring and presented them each with a glass of the horribly tasting water.

Fritz was thirsty and put down nearly half of the glassful before he stopped to taste it. Then the most comical and pitiful expression overspread his features.

"What's the matter, Fritz?" asked Paddy, laughing himself with considerable effort, on account of the taste in his mouth.

"Murder! Vas is dot?"

"Why, that's water."

"Vasser? Vasser madder mid id?"

"Got medicine in it, Fritz."

"God der duyfel in id, I guess. Ah!" he exclaimed, shivering with disgust, and throwing the remainder of the drink away.

"No, that's all right, Pard."

"Ah, beg pardon," said a shabby-genteel, middle-aged man, approaching them with extreme politeness. "Strangers here, I presume."

"Yes, sir," replied Paddy.

"Ah, thought so. Not acquainted with the mineral and medicinal properties of our famous springs."

"The what?" asked Paddy, looking at him curiously.

"What do you take us for?"

"Oh, gentlemen, beyond a doubt," replied the man, with much suavity.

This somewhat mollified Paddy, who evidently thought that the stranger was bent on guying them.

"No offence at all. I perceived that you were strangers and I make a precarious living attending to such people, showing the sights, interesting localities, places of historical interest, together with information regarding the geological formation from which these wonderful springs burst forth, and also a chemical analysis of the different waters to be found around here."

"Well, old man, I guess we'll try and worry along without any of this valuable information. Here is a quarter for you," said Paddy.

"Ah, thanks—and, by the way," he added, as Paddy and Fritz were about turning away towards the "Ramble," "I am thoroughly posted regarding the ins and outs of Saratoga life, the fast and the slow."

"Undoubtedly."

"Oh, yes. Of course one has to know everything if he expects to pick up a living here. Now, if you would like to be introduced into Mr. Morrissey's club-house, I"—

"What! John Morrissey!"

"Yes, the honorable John."

"None in mine," replied Paddy.

"I guess so nod neider," said Fritz.

"Very well, gentlemen," replied the man, blandly. "Perhaps you would prefer a less aristocratic place where games of chance are indulged in; if so, I can show you where you can chip a quarter and have lots of fun."

"I could have lots of fun chipping off a quarter of your red nose, you old fraud," replied Paddy, indignantly. "You're a 'chip charmer,' you are, and you take us for flats."

"Oh, I assure you, sir, you are mistaken"—

"Led's gif him one vor fun, Paddy," said Fritz.

"No, no, keep quiet," said he, hushing Fritz, and then turning to the stranger he said: "Good-day, Mr. Learned Chip-charmer; none in ours. We're fly to all those little snaps, we are."

"Dake a drink of dot vader und go shood yourself," was Fritz's parting recommendation as they turned away.

The learned guide gazed after them a moment with a look of disappointment, and then glancing at the quarter which Paddy had given him, he embellished his suspicious-looking mug with a smile, and went over to the Congress Hall bar-room to partake of another "smile."

"Game kids them," he muttered, as he poured out his drink.

"Vy didn't you pud some din ears on him, Paddy?" asked Fritz.

"Because if we get in a row here it would spoil our business. He is only a capper."

"A capper? Den vy he dond vork ad his business den!"

"He is working at it. A capper is a chap who goes around getting acquainted with strangers, same as this fellow did, and steering them into gambling houses."

"Oh! I dought me he vas a man as made caps und hads. He make him some misdakes, I guess."

"I'll bet you he did."

"I vish me dot I had him on his back and had a big syringe."

"Why, what would you do?"

"I vould squird him vull of dot nasdy vader, I bade you. Vas is dot?" he added, pointing to another fancy pagoda.

"More medicine water, I guess."

"Led's go back. Dot vader makes me as sick as a stomach pump. Ah!" he exclaimed, as he remembered it.

They returned to the Grand Union to meet Alice in the parlor, as per agreement.

"Oh, I guess not! How is this for high, Fritz?" asked

Paddy, as they surveyed the fashion and magnificence by which they were surrounded on all sides.

"Dot vos puddy high up, I bade you."

"Not much like our old quarters at Washington Market, eh, Fritz?"

"I say me dot vas so, Paddy."

They found Alice dressed for a ride, and engaging a carriage, they were driven out to the lake, had lunch at Moon's, and in all respects appeared like the best acquainted and best able. Alice looked charming in her new dress, and attracted altogether too much attention for Fritz's peace of mind. But although she had eyes for all, she was never seriously thinking of anybody but her escorts and friends.

The next day was given up to rehearsal and work for the business of the evening. Colio had retained flute and violin, which, in addition to his harp and the grand piano belonging to the Opera House, made a very select orchestra. And the old man showed himself to be quite as good a leader as he was a finished musician.

On the programme was a harp solo by Colio, who was designated as the blind minstrel, and this alone seemed to interest people very much.

The Opera House of the Grand Union is a part of the immense building, and is so arranged that the guests of the hotel do not have to go out doors in order to enter it, and this alone has secured very good audiences to many poor entertainments.

But people sigh for amusement in Saratogo. They go there to be amused, and consequently they take in all that happens along, good, bad, and indifferent.

There was a full house on this occasion, at prices averaging more than double what they had ever charged before, and our friends were in excellent spirits, giving an entertainment which excelled any previous effort. And it was heartily, uproariously received by that extremely dressed and over-fashionable audience.

Then when Colio's turn came, a hush fell upon the audience for his superb execution and pitiful appearance.

The piece he selected was one of his own composition that he had never before played in public; one of those wild, sweet compositions which seemed to breathe the spirit of a hopeless lover while bowing before his mistress. Of course it was demanded again and again, and each time received with wild plaudits and bravos of approval, and as if to give it additional importance in the eyes of the assembled fashionables, a Polish lady of rank and great wealth manifested the strangest emotion and was led from the place.

What it all meant no one could of course conjecture beyond the probability that the music had affected her even more than it had the others. At all events, if it needed anything besides the execution to stamp it as a first class performance, this furnished it, and also much food for gossip about the hotel.

The next day Alice Harrison received a polite note asking her to call at the parlors of this distinguished foreign lady, and she at once complied. The lady evidently belonged to the nobility, for she had that in her every look and action. Her object in sending for Alice was to inquire about old Colio, whom she said she had known in St. Petersburg. Alice gave her all the history she knew of the old harpist, and finally promised to bring him to her parlor.

At first he declined, since he did not care to meet with any one who had known him in his better days, and before the affliction of blindness overtook him, but at her earnest solicitations he consented to accompany her, and she led him into the presence of the lady.

The moment they entered the room, she darted towards him and took both his hands in her own, and yet seemed unable to speak.

At last she exclaimed:

"Michael Colio!"

"What!" said the old man, in a whisper. "That voice! Who is it calls me by name?"

"She that was Alena Stecalzy," replied the woman.

"Alena St——," repeated the old man, with much emotion.

"Yes, yes. You surely have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Alena? Did you hear me play that tune last night?"

"Yes, yes, and it was that which awakened me. You composed that tune and taught me to play it years and years ago."

"Yes, and you taught me to love you years and years ago."

The proud woman bowed her head, but made no reply.

She led the old man to a sofa and took a seat beside him.

He was gently moved and shook with emotion, while she was scarcely less calm.

"Leave us alone, awhile," she said, turning to Alice, who retired much bewildered over the romance which was spending one of its strange chapters in her presence.

"Come back in an hour," said Colio, as she was about to leave the room.

At the end of that time she found that the old man had become much calmer, while the haughty woman seemed to be laboring under a still greater load of sorrow and excitement.

Without a word further he got up and extended his hand towards Alice, who led him from the room.

"I will tell you the remainder of this romance sometime," said he, as they walked towards his room.

In a few minutes Alice was again summoned to the foreign lady's parlor, and being, of course, much interested in the case, she went without hesitation.

"We were friends once," said she; "I am rich and he is poor. I tried to get him to accept my bounty, but he would not. Will you take this purse and see that he gets the contents of it without knowing where it comes from?"

Alice promised, and the lady seemed much relieved, although it was evident that she was suffering greatly from the re-opening of some old wound.

The second entertainment was equally as successful as the first.

Colio seemed sadder, and could not be induced to play the same piece again which had so charmed the people the previous evening, although he substituted others equally fine, and the entire entertainment would have moved off without a ripple, had not Alice discovered Frank Boxley in the audience glaring at her like a fiend.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE HARRISON.

OUR friends finished up in Saratoga with something of a flourish. It was a triumph all around, and each was hundreds of dollars better off than when they arrived there, besides feeling firmly established in public favor.

They met in Paddy O'Dowd's room after the performance was over, and after many mutual congratulations it was agreed to remain in Saratoga a few days to rest and enjoy themselves, while the agent went ahead and made arrangements for the future.

After partaking of a supper in the room, Alice retired to her own, leaving her friends to enjoy themselves as they saw fit. But it had not escaped the keen eyes of Dot Boy Fritz that she seemed somewhat nervous and unhappy. He spoke to Paddy about it, but he said it was only fatigue, and that she would be all right after a night's rest.

She had not mentioned to either of them the fact of having discovered Frank Boxley in the audience, or the thrill of fear and loathing which his fiendish glaring at her occasioned. It would have been much better for her if she had done so.

It was a long time before she could dismiss him from her mind and find refuge in sleep, but it came at last.

Paddy and Fritz counted over the earnings, enjoyed the repast, built bright castles for the future, and made great calculations on the enjoyment which the next few days should afford them.

As for Colio, he had in a measure become reconciled to his old love, and learning that she was now a widow and absolutely her own mistress, besides being the possessor of a vast fortune, he was in a fair way to be lifted out of his poverty and dependence upon the old harp.

The next morning they were all up in good season, it being agreed that they should breakfast together in Paddy's parlor and then make arrangements for the day's amusement.

Breakfast was being brought in by the servant, and as Alice had not yet made her appearance, Fritz went to her room for the purpose of summoning her.

He rapped several times, but there was no response. He consulted his watch and found that it was nearly eleven o'clock. She certainly had risen, he thought, and he rapped again, but no response followed.

"I guess me dot she have gone oud for some liddle walk," he mused. "I vonder me if she love dot vasser dat make me feel like der inside of an old bood?"

He turned to walk away, but he concluded to return and try her door in order to satisfy himself as to whether she was in her room or not. The door was unlocked, and he entered. Alice was not there.

He called her, thinking she might be in her bedroom, but no response came, and he looked into the inner room.

The bed showed that it had been slept in, but it was strangely disarranged, as though some fearful struggle had taken place there. What could it mean?

He looked around the room for an explanation. Her jewelry and the most of her clothing lay scattered around in a wildly confused state, entirely foreign to her method of living.

A presentiment of evil seized him, and he ran to Paddy O'Dowd with the strange news. In less than a minute they were both back in her room.

"Dere is some sdrangeness here, Paddy," said Fritz.

"It doesn't look exactly right, Fritz, but I guess she has only gone out for a walk. You know it is the fashion here to take a stroll before breakfast."

"Dot may be, but I guess so nod mit Allie."

"Why not?"

"Look dere. Her clodhes," he said, pointing to the things which lay scattered around. "How could she go out vidoud he clodhes?"

True, there lay her hat on the bureau, all of her jewels, and most of her underclothing. Even her shoos lay upon the floor.

The two young men were greatly excited, and unable to account for such a strange state of affairs, but they concluded that there was just a possibility of her being temporarily absent in some other portion of the building, and so they resolved to wait for a few moments and return again.

Breakfast was ready when they reached their own room again, but of course they felt but little like eating it under the circumstances.

Fritz was very restless, and was growing more excited every moment. He walked back and forth in the room, going out into the hall as he did so and gazing anxiously in the direction of Alice's room.

In a short time they went in search of her again, but found the room precisely as they left it, and their beautiful friend nowhere to be seen.

"I fear something has happened her," said Paddy, seriously.

"I'm sure of id, Paddy," replied Fritz.

"Let us call the landlord."

Paddy pulled the bell, and a servant appeared.

"Send the clerk of the hotel up here immediately," and the messenger vanished.

"By jinks, vat has become of her?" ejaculated Fritz, as he gazed anxiously about the room.

"We will see what the clerk knows about it."

This clerk was an ardent admirer of Alice Harrison, and as the summons came from her room, he lost no time in reaching it.

"Do you know Miss Harrison by sight?" asked Paddy, the moment the clerk entered the room.

"I do. Why?"

"Have you seen her this morning?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

Paddy related the particulars and pointed to the strange confusion in which they had found her room.

"This is indeed strange," said the clerk, pulling the bell.

"And you are sure that she has not gone out to walk?"

"Yes, for here are her clothes, even her boots."

"I can't understand it at all. Here, Martin, send Dennis here at once," said he, going to the door to meet the servant who had answered the bell.

"Oh, I vonder if she has gone crazy about some dings?" said Fritz to himself as he gazed from the window.

"I am satisfied that there has something happened her, for the bed and everything gives evidence of it," said Paddy.

By that time Dennis, the porter, arrived.

"Dennis, you were on duty last night."

"I was, sur."

"Did you see the lady who occupies this room?"

"No, sur, I did not."

"What time did she retire?" he asked, turning to Paddy.

"About twelve o'clock."

"You were on duty after twelve, were you not?"

"I was, sur. My time is from twelve at night until twelve the next day."

"Did you see any strange transaction after you went on duty last night?"

"Faith, I did, sur. I saw two men carrying a sick lady down the elevator."

"What is that?" asked all three at the same breath.

"A sick lady, sure. They had her rolled up in a blue blanket, and she was spachless."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she never spoke a word, sur."

"Did you see her face?"

"I did not, sur. Sure she was all muffled up, an' and they said they were takin' her to an hospital."

"It is false. There has been no such person in the hotel, and no one sick," replied the clerk.

"It must have been Alice," said Paddy.

"But who vas dat odder fellow?"

"Who were they both? that's the question."

"Sure, sur, I didn't know but it was all right," said the porter, apologetically.

"There can be no doubt of that, Dennis. But did you notice which way they went?"

"They put her in a carriage an' drove down Broadway, sur, an' that's all I saw. An' was it the purty little girl that acted in the Opera House last night?"

"Yes, it was, undoubtedly."

"And she has been kidnapped," said Paddy.

"Bad luck ter 'em, if I'd ha' known that," said the porter, striking his fists together.

"Well, it must be that she has been kidnapped, probably chloroformed first; but what is to be done? Dennis, go and send Farly, the policeman, here, and then tell the chief of police to come immediately."

"Yis, sur."

"Had she any enemies?"

"None that I know of; and yet she must have had them, and they have taken her away for some evil."

"I bade you id vos dot man Boxley she dold us about."

"I never thought of him; but we heard that he had fled the country."

"Id must be dot cuss, i'd"—

"But where can he have taken her?"

"O mine Cot, mine Cot?" said Fritz, rushing from the room, unable to control himself any longer.

The detective employed by the hotel came in, and the full particulars were given him, as also to the chief of the Saratoga police, who at once set to work, while the detective took another course in company with Paddy O'Dowd.

Dot Boy Fritz went with the chief of police, who threw his whole energy into the task. Neither Paddy nor Fritz had ever seen Boxley, and all they knew respecting his looks was what Alice had told them.

It was soon ascertained that there was no man in town bearing that name, and if he was the miscreant he was passing under a false name.

The next step was to interview every hackman who was out the night before, to see who it was who had been employed.

The whole number were examined, but not one of them would acknowledge it, although it was evident enough that one

of them had carried the party from the hotel, and had probably been so well paid that it had sealed his lips.

Fritz was almost on the verge of madness.

The next move was to see if any carriage had been hired to drive out of town. This could not be found, and the prospect of getting upon the trail was not very encouraging.

The chief of police argued in this way, after failing to find the driver who had carried her away; that if she was still in town, she had not been taken to any hotel or boarding house, the reason for his not doing so being obvious; and he must, therefore, have taken her to some furnished house or room.

Acting on this ground, he and Fritz visited every house in town where she might have been taken with some degree of safety, but all to no purpose.

In the meantime the news of the abduction had spread, and was in every one's mouth, while dozens of men constituted themselves independent detectives, and were doing all they could to solve the mystery.

"Arn'd der no more houses?" asked Fritz, after they had returned to the station house.

"I can't think of any," replied the chief, thoughtfully.

"None oud around?"

"Ah, now I think of it, there are one or two out on the Lake road, that were to let furnished, I believe."

"Led's go und find dem," said Fritz, eagerly.

"All right," replied the officer, springing into his buggy, followed by Fritz.

The first one of these houses they found occupied, and, of course, did not inquire, but drove on to the next, a small wooden cottage, out of repair somewhat, and standing back a few rods from the road.

This place had a suspicious look at best, and the officer resolved to see if it was occupied, and if so, by whom.

He left his horse standing by the road, and both he and Fritz walked up to the house.

The blinds were closed and there was no evidence of inhabitation to be seen.

But the officer rapped loudly on the front door, and instantly there was a movement within, but not as though to open the door.

So he rapped again.

Finding there was no offer made to answer his summons, the chief directed Fritz to walk around the house and see if there was anybody in sight.

But no one was to be seen, and every blind was closed.

When his third rap failed to bring anybody to the door, the officer threw his whole weight against it and burst it open with a crash.

As he did so the back door was heard to open, and some one to dart out of it.

Quickly as possible both Fritz and the officer flew through the entry and into the back room, the outer door of which was standing open.

A man was seen flying through the weeds of the neglected garden and making for the woods with all the speed he possessed.

Both of them gave chase.

"Hold, or I will fire!" shouted the officer.

"Fire and be d—d!" was the defiant answer.

The next instant a pistol shot was heard, and the fugitive fell with a broken leg.

"Dot is der cuss I bade you," said Fritz, as they came up to him.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"None of your business. Who are you?" demanded the wounded man.

"Officers of the law, and you are my prisoner."

"Oh! you have broken my leg."

"You should have stopped when I called."

"Oh, oh!" he groaned, "send for a surgeon."

"I'll attend to that. In the meantime we will see what you have in the house," he said, turning and following Fritz, who had already gone.

There was an old woman moaning and rocking herself backward and forward in a chair.

The officer stopped to question her, while Fritz flew up-

stairs, into first one room and then another, until he came to one which was locked.

Without pausing an instant he broke it from its hinges and rushed into the room.

There, prone upon a bed, looking as though dead, lay Alice Harrison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE SUNSHINE FOR OUR HEROES.

Fritz uttered a shriek and darted to the bedside.

"My God, is she dead?" he exclaimed, taking one of her fair white hands which laid upon her breast.

No. She was not dead, but how near to death was she?

The chief of police then joined them. The officer had more experience than Fritz had, and he made a close examination. Her pulse still beat feebly as did her heart. There was a strong smell of chloroform about her, and he at once divined that she was suffering from an overdose of that subtle agency of good and evil.

"Vere is the quickest doctor?" asked Fritz.

"The quickest—oh, the nearest. Half a mile below here. Come out and help me put this fellow in my buggy, and I will see the doctor on my way back. You can remain here with her."

"Then hurry, hurry, for she may be dying."

"No. She is still under the influence of the drug with which they dosed her when they took her away. The old woman down stairs, who was engaged for housekeeper, says they did not bring her to the house until long after daylight. But come, help me with the prisoner."

The officer went out to the road where his team was standing and drove it through the gate, down to the back of the house where the wounded prisoner lay groaning in great agony. With as gentle hands as they could they placed him in a carriage, and the officers took a seat beside him.

"Don'd forged der docder, und tell Paddy dot he come right away mid her clothes und a hack," said Fritz, as the officer turned to drive away.

"All right. I'll see to it, and return here myself."

Fritz ran back to the house and up to the room where Alice lay like a corpse almost, and taking her hand in his he seated himself upon the edge of the bed to wait the coming of the physician. He called her by endearing names, but there was no response and no movement of the dry white lips.

Every few moments he would go to the window, the blinds of which he had thrown open, and strain his eyes in hopes of seeing the physician, and although he did not have to wait long before he came, it seemed as though leaden hours were intervening.

The chief of police had given him all the particulars, and consequently he came fully prepared to treat the case. It was a simple one, he said, and proceeded to administer remedies without loss of time. While waiting for his medicine to manifest itself, Fritz gave the doctor a more detailed account of the affair, which greatly shocked and surprised him.

"Well, she has thus far escaped violence, and if I can only get rid of the effects of this chloroform, she will come out all right," said the doctor, going to the bedside and taking her wrist in his hand.

Fritz followed him, and stood with anxious look and bated breath to watch the proceedings.

"Ah! it works. Her pulse is growing stronger, and the action of the heart is much more vigorous."

"Thank heaven!"

"Go down stairs and get a goblet of water," said the doctor, and Fritz flew to do his bidding.

When he returned with it, the physician placed his arm under her neck and raised her to a sitting posture, after which he held the water to her lips. There was a spasmodic twitching of the lips, and finally she swallowed a little of the water, after which she opened her eyes for a moment.

Fritz called her by name tenderly and took one of her hands in his, but she heeded him not, and again sank back upon the pillow and closed her eyes.

"We must wait awhile longer," said the doctor.

"But she vill live?"

"Oh, yes, it is only the effect of the drug."

In a few moments the doctor raised her up again, and this time she drank nearly half the water.

Then he allowed her to lie down again.

In a few moments more she opened her eyes and glanced around.

"Allie! Allie! Look at me," said Fritz, darting to her side.

"Fritz, Fritz, where am I?" she murmured.

"Here, Allie, you are here and all righd."

"Oh, but what a dreadful dream I have had, Fritz. How long have I slept?" she asked.

"A long time, miss," said the doctor. "But you are ill and must rest awhile longer yet."

"But what has happened?"

"You shall know all puddy quick," said Fritz, pushing back the masses of dark hair from her forehead.

"At that moment the noise of a carriage was heard, and looking out they saw that Paddy had come with still another physician and her clothing.

But the doctor would not permit him to come into the room on account of the excitement it would occasion, and so Fritz went down stairs, while the other physician went up to render what assistance he might.

Fritz explained the whole affair to Paddy, and there was great rejoicing between them.

The chief of police soon after returned and took the old woman into custody, although she protested that she was innocent of all wrong in the matter.

It was nearly two hours before Alice was judged able to dress herself and return to the town.

Little by little the truth of the affair was given to her, but it was all like a dream to her, for the villains had gained admittance to her room and stupefied her with chloroform while she slept.

The excitement occasioned by the abduction was at its height when the chief of police returned with his prisoner, and when she returned with her friends to the hotel, there was a large and excited crowd awaiting them.

Alice retired to her room, and rumor sped upon lively wings regarding the affair and the indignity she had suffered. The history of the affair was given by Paddy and Fritz, together with the previous attempt made in connection with Underwood, at Tarrytown. These particulars were worked up for the evening papers and served for a fruitful theme for the letter writers for the metropolitan journals.

"It's worth five thousand dollars to us," said Paddy, as he saw the sensation it created.

Fritz did not look upon it in that light, for he was a lover, and Paddy was essentially a business man and regarded everything at its cash value.

At the expiration of two days, Alice Harrison was herself again, and more than ever the heroine of the hour.

Among the ladies that were interesting themselves about her welfare was the "Queen of Diamonds," as the foreign lady, who had once known and loved Colio, was called, and, of course, when so much wealth and aristocracy manifested an interest in her, others were not slow in doing likewise. Rare cordials, wines, flowers, and other tokens were lavished upon her during her involuntary stay in her room, and these attentions, in connection with Fritz and Paddy, which she prized the most, soon brought the roses of health and youth back to her cheek.

In the meantime all future engagements had been postponed without day, and our friends were enjoying themselves highly in Saratoga.

Two better dressed fellows than Fritz and Paddy were not to be found, and having plenty of money, they were favorites everywhere they went.

The trial of Frank Boxley came on soon after, and one day Alice was visited by his lawyer, who had been put in possession of all the facts, and it was agreed, after consulting with her friends, that if he plead guilty to the charge of abduction, that she would say nothing about his career in California. He appeared to dread this more than anything else.

His trial resulted in his being sentenced to Sing Sing for ten years, where he now is, and the public applauded the sentence, for many particulars of his life had found their way into the public prints, and he was regarded as a desperado of the worst type.

After spending a fortnight in Saratoga, our friends again went upon the road.

Fritz and Paddy steadily improved, and money flowed in upon them in golden streams.

Little by little they won their way to the front ranks of the variety profession, and stood peerless and alone.

They played at all the principal towns and cities until they reached Buffalo.

The summer had passed and so had the winter.

Here at Buffalo they felt like making a change. Continual life upon the road had in a measure become distasteful to them.

Besides this, they were about to lose their old friend and companion, Colio.

His intercourse with his old true love had resulted in awakening all the feelings which had bound them together in their youth.

Her parents had compelled her to marry against her will, but now she was her own mistress and could do as she liked.

The result was that they were married at Buffalo, and he was going to leave the company there and go with her back to Europe, where happiness should attend on him for the remainder of his days.

In after years it was learned that skilled oculists had succeeded in restoring the old man's sight, and that he was drifting down the stream of life surrounded by all that wealth could procure or love enhance.

The marriage of Colio broke up the company for the then present, and they all returned to New York, rich in money and experience. They saw Colio off for Europe, and then they resolved to rest and abide circumstances so far as related to future action.

Alice returned to Aunty Monks, and made her happy by finishing the payment on her little cottage and in other respects placed her above the reach of want or need of work.

But little more remains to be said. My heroes are before the public to-day, and their story is read and commented on wherever they appear.

Alice Harrison still plays under the same name. Fritz Meyer has taken another name, but is still known as the best singer of Dutch songs and delineator of Dutch character on the American stage.

Paddy O'Dowd has also dropped a portion of his name, although he will probably be recognized in the person of one of the most successful actors on the stage.

Hereafter I may have occasion to write more about them, but, for the present, allow me to thank you for the interest you, gentle reader, have manifested in the story of the early life of "Dot Boy Fritz" and his companions.

Believe me, I shall always remain the public's faithful servant, and to each of my readers I say personally,

Yours in fun,

"GUS WILLIAMS."

AS DUTCH AS SOUR KROUT.

BY GUS WILLIAMS.

SCENE on Cortlandt street, near the Jersey City Ferry. Enter Hans Klyner, a young German, lately landed; enter also a policeman.

"Halo, Mister Bolicemans, hold sdill liddle bit."

"Well, fat der yer want, Dutchy?"

"Dutchy! who, dar ish vare you makes some misdakes mit yourself, I vos not Dutchy, I vos"—

"Git out! yer as Dutch as sour krouit. Bad luck to these bloody foreigners," he said to himself, "but see the airs they take on! I dare say this young hathen's tryin' ter pass himself off for a full-blooded Yankee like the best of us. Faith, but the country's goin' ter the divil an' no mistake. Well, fat der yee's want?"

"I wants der find mine oncle, Mister Policemans," said

Hans, dropping his well-worn carpet-bag upon the sidewalk, at his feet.

"Fine yer uncle. Fat der yees want ter fine him for; fat has he been doin'?"

"Wos is dot? Oh, I dinks he do nodings."

"Then fat de yer want ter fine him for? Git out, yer outlandish hathen'. I've a mind ter take yer in for triflin' wid an officer on duty. Move on!"

"Wos is dot. Now, hold on von leedle bit; I doles you pout dot oncle of mine. He vos a pully ole cove, mit lods of sdamps, und I hunt for him all ofer Chicago's, Cincinnati, Filladelpy, Paltimore, und I fint him not already, buddy gwick."

"Find him. Spake the American language; then I'll know fat yer drivin' at. Fat's yer uncle's name?"

"Faber Vonderdixen."

"Donder an blixen? I wonder, is he cursin' me in Dutch? Go on, now, or I'll take yees in for swearin' in the public strate," saying which he trust his club back into his belt and walked away with that kingly stride so often found in the police force.

"Py jinks, I vonder me vot ish der matter mit dot bolice-mans? I dinks he hafe got some chestnut purs under his coat dails already. Vell, I must peg along," he said, taking up his valice and starting towards Broadway. "Here I hafe been traveling all ofer dis guntry to findt mine oncle Faber, und nopody say me where he lifes; I hafe spent all my money, und all I hafe got to show for him ish some puddy goot English language dot I bick up in some blaces dot I hafe been. I vonder if I fint mine oncle in dos pig city? He vos de onty relations dos I hafe in der worlt, ant if I don't fint me him I shall pe an orphan all der time, right away. Hello! here comes a nice liddle poy, I chust asgs me him vare mine oncle Faber Vonderdixen lifes."

As he spoke a gallant specimen of a New York newsboy, Harry Tuck, came along with a bundle of papers under his arm, whistling "Mulligan Guards" greatly to his own satisfaction, apparently.

"Say mit me some dings, mister boy," said Hans, stepping in front of Harry as they met.

"Hey? say mit you some dings? lager? sour krou? pritzels?" asked Harry, looking up in his face and laughing merrily.

"Nine, nine!"

"Nine! why, what a blessed old guzzler you are," said the little fellow, looking him over from head to foot, and taking in his quaint-looking cap, his long-skirted, short-waisted, brass buttoned coat, and wooden shoes, and snuff-colored pants and vest.

"I say, old man, what show are yer traveling with?"

"Nine, I show me nodings."

"Well, I see yer got yer togs on."

"Dogs? I no fustay—comestand dos dings vot you say. Vot for you grin mit me like some monkey?"

"Oh, that's all right, Dutchy. Want yer shoes blacked?"

"Nine."

"Black yer eye?"

"I wants to find mine oncle."

"All right, I'll let yer," said Harry, laughing again.

"Faber Vonderdixen."

"Faber? does he make lead pencils?"

"Nix, I wants mine oncle."

"You'll find him up on Chatham street."

"Show me dot Hatham Streets," said Hans, earnestly.

"Oh, I'll tell you all right," said the young rogue, taking hold of the Dutchman's coat sleeve and facing him towards Broadway. "Go right up here to Broadway, up Broadway to Fulton, down Fulton to Nassau, up Nassau to Ann, down Ann to William, up William to Beekman, down Beekman to South, down South to the Battery, from the Battery up Greenwich to Courtlandt, and you'll be right where you start from."

"Donder ant blixen!" exclaimed Hans.

"Then you turn square around and take the boat for Staten Island, walk all around Staten Island, and take the North Shore line back to New York again. Then take the Belt line of cars, ride clear aro nd the city, and when the conductor fires you off the car, ask him where your uncle Faber Pencil

lives, and he'll hand you over to a policeman, and he'll tell you all about it. Good-by, sour-krou," saying which Harry started on his way laughing ready to split his jacket.

"Got in himmel? Vot a big cidy dot Nie Yorick ish. I vonder if he dinks I vos a humming bird? Bat I schmell me some rats! Dot poy he dinks he make some fun mit me. Py tam, I ish getting so mad as never vos a German; I break me some paving stones mit dot leedle dyful's head. I chust ask me no more peebles where ish dot oncle, but I fint him myself," saying which he started up Broadway again.

The racket and confusion of the great thoroughfare rather upset him for a few minutes, but Hans was a wide-awake fellow, and had seen much of the world, both here and in Europe, and it was not long before he recovered his natural composure.

His worst trouble as he walked along was the curiosity he excited by his outlandish rig, and the remarks which he occasioned. The gamins, bootblacks, and newsboys soon singled him out, and had lots of fun with him, following close upon his heels and chaffing him about his wooden shoes and general get up. It was more fun for the boys than it was for my hero, and now and then he would stop and swing his old valise around to frighten them away. But he might as well have attempted to drive a swarm of flies from a sugar hogshead; boys in New York are not so easily frightened out of their fun.

At last they cornered him at St. Paul's church, and Hans felt like shoving his bag down their throats. Presently one of the larger bootblacks drove the crowd away somewhat, and got him up against the church fence and began to blacken his huge wooden shoes, greatly to the delight of the gamins who again gathered around and the crowd of pedestrians who stopped to see the sport. But a policeman made the crowd scatter, and Hans was left in charge of the artist who was getting a beautiful shine on his shoes.

"Py tam, dis von queer cidy. Dey von't allow a stranger to valk mit ter streets mitoud some stove bolish on his shoes. Val, dot ish all righd, I guess. Ter poy he say it ish against ter law if I ton't got placked. I wonter if dot boy know my oncle?"

"There yer are, boss," said the bootblack, as he finished the job. "Give us ten cents."

"Py jinks, dot ish all ter money I hafe got."

"All right. Give us a fiver."

"Ah! dot vos a good poy. I guess he know vere mine oncle lif. I say, do you know mine oncle?"

"What! Oh, my prophetic soul, mine uncle! Be you an hactor! I be, I do der 'heavy' down to ter Grand Duke theatre. Come down wid that fiver," he said, holding out his hand and receiving it. "I say, boss, what's yer line; Dutch characters?"

"Yaw, I hafe a good Dutch character."

"Oh, go 'long. You'r fresh, you are," said the young actor-artist, turning away in disgust.

"I wants ter fint mine oncle."

"That's all right, I'll let yer."

"But I no can fine him, I peen everyvere."

"Been ter his house?" asked the boy, calmly.

"Nine, I know him not."

"Oh, thought you'd been everywhere. What's his name?"

"Faber Vonderdixen."

"Ha! ha! ha! He isn't Irish is he?"

"Nix—Ditcherman."

"I thought as how the name didn't sound very Irish. Wal, go over to the drug store and they'll tell yer—right over there," he added, pointing to Hudnut's.

Hans gazed over at the store for a moment and finally managed to work his way across Broadway.

Entering the store he was met by a polite clerk who, of course, inquired his wishes.

"A poy dot pud some stove bolish all ofer mine shoes schust now, he say dot you dole me vare mine oncle lifs."

The clerk took a look at his shining wooden clogs and with difficulty repressed a loud laugh.

"Oh, you wish to consult a city directory," said he.

"Nine, nine! I wants der fint mine oncle, Faber Vonderdixen—dots vot der madder is mid me."

"Oh—ah—all right. Faber Vonderdixen," said the clerk, going to the directory.

"Mine Gott!" mused Hans, taking in his lungs full of the perfumed air by drawing it through his nose, "Vot a lot of puddy schmells."

"Here it is. F. Vonderdixen, No. — East Broadway," said the clerk.

"Swytzer kase unt sourkrout! hafe you fint dot oncle of mine dot I hunt vor all ofer der guntry?" exclaimed Hans, seizing the clerk by the hand.

"I haven't found him yet, but here is the name, the only one of that name, in fact, and you can easily find him."

"Oh, mine Gott! I feels so pully as a sucking calf—vare ish dot blace?" he asked, excitedly.

"Here, I will write it down for you," said the clerk, proceeding to do so. "There, take these cars right by the door and they will take you right to the house."

"Oh, mine goodness, Miester Medecineshop, you make me feel so goot! I almost kiss you."

"Well, don't quite. Good-day."

"Yaw, yaw, I fint my oncle," he said, taking the written direction and hurrying from the store.

A car happened to be standing ready to start, and a conductor bundled him in and rung the bell.

Hans took a seat in the corner and stowed his bag away under him.

He could hardly contain himself, so delighted was he with the prospect.

"Yaw, yaw, dot ish puddy goot, I bed you," he said to himself. "Maybe bime py I don't make me so much fun for ter boys ven I got me some new clodes."

And then he sang, beating time loudly with his shining shoes:

"I feels ash happy ash a cucumber,
Dot floats around in der pickle;
I feels ash rich ash King Wilhelm,
Although I hafe put a nickle."

But he soon had to surrender that last "nickle" when the conductor came in for his fare.

"I say, Mr. Belljirker, ven dos you get mit mine oncle's?" he asked.

"What ther blazes do I know 'bout yer uncle? Where is it?" he inquired, with the usual growl.

Hans showed him the written direction.

"All right, I'll bounce yer," he said, handing him back the paper.

"Pounce me! I vonder vot ish dot? I pick me up plenty English language, but dot pounce got ter petter of me," he mused.

He rode for some ten or fifteen minutes, when the conductor stopped the car and motioned to Hans.

"Vot ish dot?"

"Bounce!"

"Hey?"

"Git; waltz. Here you are. Unload; pile off."

"Ish dot mine oncle's?"

"Yes. Come, hurry up. Oh, you are as Dutch as sour krout," he added, as he gave him a push and rang the bell.

Hans struggled to the sidewalk, and looked around anxiously, and while doing so a colored man came along and half stopped to observe my hero, who was indeed a sight to behold.

A more genuinely comical make up was never seen on the stage, and, I may add, I am now the fortunate possessor of that entire "rig," which I value very highly in my profession.

"Vot is dot?" asked Hans, handing the paper to the sable pedestrian.

"Dat? Why, boss, dat am No.—East Broadway," replied the darkie. "Didn't hab any schools where you come from, did dey, boss?"

"I spraeken mit you some odder dime; I vant ter fine mine oncle."

"All right, boss, dat am de house, right over dar," said he, pointing to a large, somewhat old-fashioned house, every blind of which was closed.

"Goot, goot!" said Hans, darting across the street.

"By golly, if he gets a square meal out of dat ole skinflint,

Vonderdixen, he'll be lucky. He allus beats me down, when I do a job for him," muttered the sable guide, as he turned to go away.

Hans walked up the front stoop and rang the bell. He waited almost breathlessly for a moment, but nobody answered it, so he rang again.

Presently the door opened cautiously, and the sweet face of a girl appeared slyly at the crack. Supposing my hero to be only one of the dozens of peddlers who inflict themselves upon all housekeepers, she shook her pretty head and was about cutting off communications.

"I say, mine pooty girl, pees Faber Vonderdixen life mit dot house?"

"Yaw," replied the girl, still holding the door partially closed.

"Ya! sprieken ze Deutch?"

"Yaw," she still replied, calmly.

This announcement pleased Hans, although he had lately sat great store upon the English he had learned, so their subsequent conversation was carried on much more understandingly.

"Goot. Show me dot Vonderdixen. I shust make some surprise und speak some dings mit him."

"But you cannot see him now. He is just in ter mittle ofe his nap vot he rest him mit efry day," replied the girl.

"Yaw, yaw. Put mine very pooty leedle girl, you chust dell him dot a young man from Stautergatt, Yarmany, vants ter speak mit him, und I bed you he shumps right up chust like he smell some sauer-krout."

At this she threw the door open wider, revealing the figure of a beautiful German peasant girl, with short petticoats of bright colors, striped stockings, pretty feet, and a large braid of yellow hair hanging down her back. She gazed at Hans a moment with much earnestness.

"Vos is dot? Be you from Stautergatt?" she asked at length.

"Yaw. Dem vos de hair pins vot I vos, goot enough"

"Mine goodness! I came from Stautergatt mineself, only two years ago. Vot vos your name?"

Hans Klyner."

"Hans Klyner? Dot Hans Klyner vot go away mit ter wars to France?"

"Yaw, dot same pinhair vot I am."

"An' don't you know me, Hans?" she asked, putting out both of her pretty bare arms towards him.

"Py jinks, it would pe nice if I did. But I shake hands mit you for luck, und because you vos such a puddy girl," he said, taking her hand.

"Don't you know your leetle schoolmate, Lisa Schmidt?"

"Ha! vos is dos! Lisa Schmidt? Dot peautiful leedle girl vot say so many dimes dot she would pe mine frow?"

"Yaw, dot ish me, Hans!" she said, drawing the not reluctant Hans into the entry and closing the door.

"Oh, py jinks, dot ish petter as a square meal to a hungry soldier. Lisa, Lisa, I was nefer peen in loofe mit any girl since dot dime," he said, taking her in his lusty arms.

"Oh, I is so glad, Hans. Come right inter de parlor," she said, disengaging herself and leading the way. "How came you alive again, Hans?"

"Vell, Lisa, I comed alive again chust before I go dead. Vot makes you say dot, Lisa?"

"We heard dot you got killed at Gravelotte."

"Not many dimes if I know vot I vos. But how came you here, Lisa?"

"Vell you know, Hans, dot I was a poor orphan girl und dot I hafe nobody in ter world when I hear you vos dead. So I dook my savings an' came to dis city, und have been living with Mr. Vonderdixen effer since."

"Oh, py jinks! Come let me squeeze you leedle bit more."

It is needless to say that Lisa didn't object.

"Py jinks, but dot ish goot!" he exclaimed, after sampling her lips several times.

Lisa was blushing like a red cabbage but still showed no signs of being offended.

As for Hans, he was almost beside himself with joy at meet-

ing his school-boy love and finding her grown to be such a beautiful woman.

Catching her in his arms again and humming a German waltz, he began to whirl her about the room in the ecstasy of delight. But they had gone around the place scarcely a dozen times when Faber Vonderdixen appeared at the door on his crutches. Taken completely by surprise, the old man was unable to speak for a moment or two. But he found his tongue when they happened to pause near him.

"Lisa! Lisa! Dender ont ter tuffle, vos ish dos? Who is dot scallawag vot you's dancin' mit, in mine house? Who ish he?" he demanded, savagely.

"A robber, come for your money," said Hans, smiling good naturedly and still holding Lisa around the waist.

"Ha! Police!" shouted the old man. "Git out."

"Nix;" said Hans, again whirling Lisa around the room in a waltz.

"Police! Git out mit mine house, you vagabond!" he yelled, raising one of his crutches to enforce his demand.

"Don't strike him; he is my"—said Lisa, imploringly.

"Who ish he?"

"I pees Hans Klyner, dot's vots der madder is mit me."

"Vot ish dot? Hans Klyner, my sister's child?" asked the old man, putting down his crutch.

"Dot ferry same, und I hafe peen all ofer dis 'guntry ter gome mit you. But I ish all righd now, for I hafe found mine oncle und mine girl, Lisa."

"Hans, come mit my arms," said the old man, embracing him as warmly as his gout would permit.

"Beenuckle!" exclaimed Hans.

"And do you know Lisa?"

"Know her?" he said, and in answer to the question he caught her again in his arms and kissed her lustily.

"Dot ish goot, Hans; dot ish petter as gout in two legs. I hear dot you vos dead, but dot ish not so. I should know you by your mug."

"Vel, I pees so glad ash never vos."

"Ant so bees I. Velcome! velcome! I am so glad dot I almost forgot my gout. I never know as I hafe one relation in ter world alive. So I adopt Lisa here for mine daughter, und gife her all my money. But now it ish better as dot, I gife it to you, Hans, und you make it all righd mit Lisa, eh?"

"You chust bed I vill oncle," said he.

"All right; go on mit der dance, I care no more if you dance ter house down."

Hans hardly waited for a second invitation. It seemed to be the only way he had of showing his joy, and away he whirled the beautiful girl, holding her still closer to him the while. But the old uncle was no objector. He looked on admiringly for a few moments until he caught sight of the shoes which Hans wore, together with his general git-up, when he roared out laughing at the grotesqueness of the sight.

"Vot is dot?" asked Hans, as he came near the old man in the waltz.

"Ho! ho! ho! Dot ish my nephew, goot enough, but he vos as Dutch as sour krout!"

HANS' CHRISTMAS.

BY GUS WILLIAMS.

HANS was very sad this Christmas Eve.

He stood at the door of the tumble-down shanty, which some time ago he had found deserted on one of the rocky vacant lots in the upper portion of the city, and gazed mournfully out into the bitter cold night, with the snowflakes falling thick and fast, and the wintry wind moaning and sighing through the leafless trees.

"It was not always dus," sighed he, closing the dilapidated door, with its broken hinges and locks as best he could.

"Ah, me," murmured he, relapsing into his native German, as he crouched before the faint glow of the fire of dried leaves and gathered twigs, which glimmered on the hearth, "how the memory of my happy childhood passed in the Fatherland comes back to me in this hour. How we children used to dance around the beautiful Christmas tree, and clap our hands

with joy. Then when I grew up and became a man, and took Katerina for my wife, with what high hopes and fond aspirations we came to this country. Ah, well, it is all past now; Katerina is dead, and my boy"—

The tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and in silence and deep grief he bowed his head.

"Oh, why was I so cruel to him," began he again after a pause. "He was a bright boy and at fourteen was the best scholar in his class. He wanted to go to college, but I said he must become a cobbler. It was my trade, and I thought he was ashamed to earn his livelihood in the honest way his father did. In my rage I flung a last at him; I didn't mean to hit him; I was sorry for it the next moment; but then it was too late; my boy was gone, and I have never heard anything from him since then, and that was twenty years ago."

Again he relapsed into mournful silence, and it was full five minutes before he continued in his melancholy thoughts.

"My wife died after that, poor Katerina; she loved her child so, it broke her heart. I had to drink; the sharp-toothed worm would never stop gnawing at my breast, only when I was drunk as a beast. The children in the street laughed at and made fun of me. 'There goes Hans, the beggar; Hans, the drunkard; the rag-picker; the vagabond.' That is what they cried after me, and they were right. That is what I am."

He put some more chips of wood on the dying embers, and shivered as if with cold.

"Ugh," muttered he, drawing his tattered coat more closely around his shivering form. "It is bitter cold to-night. Sometimes I think I will freeze to death. I wish I would. Poor Hans' troubles would all be over then."

From his pocket he took out some crusts of dry bread and bones, to which clung some fibers of meat.

He had picked these out of an ash barrel, and he munched the refuse which even dogs had disdained with a voracity that was pitiable to behold in one so old and feeble as he.

Then he stretched himself on a pile of mildewed straw which lay on the floor, and tried to forget the bitterness of his lot in sleep. But he could not sleep. It was too cold.

A long while he remained awake, thinking how strange it was, that he, a human being, should be lying there, in that tumble-down shanty, shivering, starving, while scarcely a stone's throw off a magnificent brown-stone building had been recently erected.

He had watched the builders at their work, and they had told him that they were hurrying to have the house ready for occupation by Christmas, as then the owner with his family was to take possession of it.

And, only the day before, he had seen wagon-loads of costly and elegant furniture brought into the house, and then came provisions, fowls, meats and pastries, delicacies that made his mouth water to look at them.

"Ah, me," sighed Hans, "they will have a merry Christmas there to-morrow. I wish I was one of the guests."

With this on his lips he fell asleep.

When Hans awoke he lay perfectly still, and gazed at his surroundings without his features expressing the slightest surprise.

He was lying on a couch of softest down, in a magnificent rosewood bedstead.

The room in which he found himself was a large airy bedroom, the walls and ceiling of which were elegantly frescoed, a luxuriant but tasty carpet was spread on the floor, the tables, chairs and the rest of the furniture were of the same material and quality, and throughout the apartment an invisible heater diffused a delicious, genial warmth.

Beside the bed stood a young man, whose appearance and dress denoted him to be a waiter or attendant. He said:

"Will mynheer arise?"

The question slightly dispelled the old man's illusion that it was all a dream, and after a long pause he said:

"Say, young mans, vat all dis means?"

"Mynheer," replied the attendant, "will you arise?"

Hans gazed first at the speaker, then again around the room; his face expressed various emotions of surprise, astonishment,